SB-1925-1

SB 1925-1, "The Deeds of the Mighty Hunters of Skull Camp." F. Phillips, Fred Hegewald, Dwight Crabtree. Thick scrapbook with manuscripts (handwritten and typed) recounting a hunting trip by these three men. The article was apparently prepared for publication .

The House by the Side of the Road

by Sam Walter Foss

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road—
It's here the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I;
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

THE DEEDS OF THE MIGHTY HUNTERS OF SKULL CAMP.

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GEORGE F. PHILLIPS

FRED HEGEWALD.

WILLIAM E. RIDEOUT.

DWIGHT W. CRABTREE.

YEAR 1922.

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A RECORD OF THE DOINGS OF THE MIGHTY

HUNTERS OF SKULL CAMP

As this is a true story of the doings of the Mighty Hunters of Skull Camp, situated on the west shore of the north bay of Clay Lake, in the province of Ontario and Dominion of Canada, we cannot start it the way fairy stories are started, with "once upon a time", altho it seems like a fairy tale to us.

Our party, who consisted of George F. Phillips, Fred Hege-Wald and Dwight W. Crabtree, bid goodbye to Ellendale on the morning of October 12th, in the year 1922, and started for the town of Quibell in northern Ontario. They left on the C. M. & St. Paul Railway, north to Edgeley, where they took the South-western to Fargo. Upon our arrival at Fargo we were greeted by the cry of "look 'em over Fred", and found our friend Gordon South who was down to the train to meet us. Gordon had his car so everyone piled in and were driven to the Annex Hotel where we were greeted by another old friend, Dee Reade. Here we were entertained and entertained royally for a couple of hours, af-ter which we took the train to Gylden. Hardly had we arrived in Gylden when Gordon drove up on his car. Many were the wild promises that were made while waiting for the Great Northern to take us north through Crookston to Winnipeg. At Crookston, the party was joined by William E. Rideout, known now and here-after by the name of Bill. After passing the customs officers at Winnipeg, who were real gentlemen, and who refused to look at our revolvers and kodaks, but did not forget to charge us for our rifles, shot guns, and ammunition, the party went up town and did

a little shopping. Fred and Dwight purchased a pair of woolen mittens apiece, and were much surprised to find that the good old United States currency was subject to a discount of one-fifth per cent. The red coats of George and Fred created considerable comment among the natives. George looked for an old friend of his, Ross Fowler, but without success. As the time was getting short, the party repaired to the depot where they boarded the Canadian National for Quibell, which was reached about 5:30 P.M. on the 13th of October. There we met C. T. Williams, the depot agent, with whom we had been corresponding. We found Cy to be a rather young man, about the age of Dwight, very pleasant and agreeable and willing to do all in his power to make it possible for us to have a good time. George and Fred went out with Bill McUen to Louis Paradis where arrangements were made for a canoe. Bill McUen was an old guide, experienced in the ways of moose, deer, fish and all the animals that roam the woods in Ontario. The great out doors has written in his character and actions the marks of a friend to man and beast. He is nearly six feet tall, age about forty, muscular and as graceful as a deer. Bill and Dwight purchased the groceries and what supplies they thought were needed. When we landed at Quibell it was raining which later turned into snow. The weather was very rough that night and considerable fear was expressed that the "jump off" could not be made the next morning. That night, Friday, October 13th, we stayed at what was called the hotel, and for supper and breakfast we had venison. This was a rare treat, but we expect to have plenty before long. Every one was very accommodating at Quibell, and

did everything in their power to make us feel at home and prepare us for the wilds of Northern Canada. Cy Williams took Bill and went over to Vermillion Bay where a side of bacon, which was the only thing the store at Quibell did not have, was purchased. On the way over they saw two deer with the help of their auto lights. This was rather an unusual sight on such a stormy night. There were only three automobiles in Quibell, two Fords and one Chevrolet. Cy owned one of the Fords, Bill McUen the other, and the hotel landlord, the Chevrolet. The only road they had to run these cars on was north towards Clay Lake four miles and south to Vermillion Bay, six miles.

Saturday morning came at last with a cold, cloudy day. A team was hired and the hunting party set forth in high spirits with no thought of what lay just ahead. With all the supplies and hunting equipment it was some load and the team, which were a couple of small bay mares, found the going pretty hard. When about two miles from town Bill and Dwight, accompanied by Allen McUen, a boy of about fourteen years and the oldest son of Bill McUen, left the team and journeyed over to the creek which runs into Bowden Lake and thence to Yellow Lake. The canoe had been left at a farm house on this creek where the party had no difficulty in locating it. We were very much pleased, after looking the canoe over, to find that it was twenty feet long and in good order. We learned later that the capacity of the canoe was one ton, although two men could carry it very easily. Allen, had been over this trip up into Clay Lake before, so with him as a guide, we arrived at the Reed farm with out first experience at paddling a canoe behind us. At Reed's we found the other boys who had arrived before us. The canoe

was taken out of the water and loaded on the wagon and an old winter road through the woods was taken. This road had been cut when there was snow on the ground and the stumps of the trees in a good many places, were two and three feet high, which caused the wagon to bump and jerk and the driver to cuss. Bill and Dwight went ahead and George and Fred brought up the rear, and after crossing several swamps in which the horses got stuck twice, we arrived in sight of the Lake. At this point our journey was stopped by a swamp which was impossible to cross with the team. Here the wagon was unloaded and after partaking of a lunch of cheese and bread, washed down by good lake water, the driver and Allen started on their return journey, and left us alone to make the best of things. We at once started to work to portage our supplies over to a large rock which stuck out in the lake, and which afforded us a place to land our canoe in deep water. About two hours was spent in making this portage, and it was probably as hard work as any of the party ever did, as the ground was soft and we were up to our knees in mud, moss and water most of the time. However, all things come to an end some time, although it seemed like we would never get our supplies and equipment over to the rock and the boat loaded, we finally did. It rode so deep in the water that we were afraid it would ship water and any movement from side to side threatened to give us all a cold bath and deprive us of our guns and supplies. With Bill in the bow, Fred and Dwight supplying the power, and George in the stern, the journey north by water was started. Our pilots of which we had two, missed the north bay where we planned on going. We paddled and paddled until it grew dusk and we could hardly make out the shore line. After taking council with each

other it was decided to land and prepare for the night, as it did not look as though we would reach our destination that night. We put up on the north side of Clay Lake well towards the west end, in a little bay where a shelter was made and a lunch of bread and cheese taken on board. A fairly good night was spent. For breakfast we had coffee for the first time since leaving Quibell. After breakfast and before loading, we scouted around a little and found moose and deer tracks on the hard sand of the beach. This put us in fine spirits and we all felt sure that success would crown our hunting trip, which it did. During the night Bill had studied the map and decided that to reach the north bay, we would have to return to our first landing place and go east instead of west; so early Sunday morning we started out again and went east and at last found the north bay. A landing was made just south of where the creek from the north lake runs into Clay Lake. After scouting around for a couple of hours, the location of what is now known as the Skull Camp was picked out and work on the cabin started at two o'clock on Sunday the 15th. Bill and George were the chief architects and a fairly good cabin was erected. The first casualty occurred when Dwight stepped on a poplar log used in the construction of the roof. It broke and he and Bill, who was working on the roof with him, took a sudden descent to the ground with the roof on top of them. They picked themselves up, after George and Fred had removed the logs that lay on top of them, viewed the wreckage and felt of the sore spots, caused by their downfall. After considerable labor the roof was repaired and the work progressed. This seemed to be Dwight's unlucky day, for in cutting a notch in the log the axe slipped and cut a gash in his arm just above the wrist. A hurry up call was

put in for the ready aid kit and with George as the surgeon, the cut was soon bandaged up. By night the sides were nearly completed, and we slept in the enclosure after putting the canvas over the top, just as our forefathers did when coming into new country. Very little sleep was enjoyed as the ground was too rought, and hard with roots of trees coming through every now and then, but by Monday night the roof was completed and a bed built for George and another for Bill. Fred and Dwight were so tired they said they could sleep anywhere, and with plenty of blankets, passed the night on the ground. They also had some slough grass from the creek that Bill and Dwight gathered. As the cabin was nerely completed, it was decided to send Bill out to look the country over and get a deer if possible. He returned shortly after dinner and reported seeing two deer and jumping two more which he heard but did not see. He was not able to get a shot. Dwight shot a duck and it was cut up for fish bait and a line was set withabout ninety hooks on it. After a long discussion, it was decided that we would all go hunting the next day and get a big supply of meat. Wednesday morning broke cloudy with some snow in the air. The fish line was run and four Jack fish brought in. Several of the hooks were straightened out which showed that several more were hooked, but were so powerful that they got away. Three of the fish were large ones, and the smallest was large enough to cause some comment if it had been caught in the vicinity of Ellendale. The largest one measured two feet eleven inches from tip to tip and his weight was estimated at twenty pounds. After this haul we had enough fish to last a month. After disposing of the fish we took the canoe, planning to go up to the north lake, but were

forced to land on account of ice in the creek. We afterwards learned strange things about this creek. In the fall it was the first to freeze over, but as soon as the lakes froze, it opened up again and stayed open most of the winter. After being forced to land, we made the remainder of the trip on foot. After hunting for a while, George and Fred were to go back to camp and on west of the cabin to wait for Bill and Dwight to make a drive south from the north lake. Shortly after Bill and Dwight started back, they jumped a deer which they could hear breaking the ice in the creek to get across. They afterwards saw a place where he went across. They worked south to camp but did not see anything further. When George and Fred arrived at camp they heard a deer coming from the south on the game trail just west of the camp. It stopped on the trail in a bunch of brush and George shot at it but it got away in spite of the fact that Fred claimed it was hit and only ran on three legs. George showed symptoms of developing a very bad cold, so he stayed in camp. Fred went west to await the drive from the north, but instead of stopping when he should, he went on and on and at last discovered that his compass was wrong and that he was lost. Our signals were one shot for attention, two for game, and three to come at once, so Fred gave the distress signal, of come at once, and was rescued by Bill and Dwight a short ways from camp. It is needless to say that upon arriving at camp, Fred found his compass to be correct. In this little adventure Fred proved himself to be a far-sighted man, and one who always looks them over, for the reason that the first shot he fired in his signal cut the head off a partridge, so he was prepared to have something to eat whether he was found or not. Upon his arrival at camp he discovered he had

lost his hunting axe. In the afternoon Bill and Dwight scouted around a bit, but did not see anything except a lot of tracks, and signs of game being very plentiful. In the evening we were visited by H. C. Schultz for the first time, and this was the beginning of a very enjoyayle as well as instructive acquaintance. We learned that he, at one time, lived in Minnesota, and trapped on Big Stone Lake, later coming to Canada, and after considerable knocking around, settled at Quibell where he owned the store, hotel, pool room, and about half the other buildings in town. He was married to an Indian woman considerably younger than he was, his age being probably about forty-two years and that of his wife about twenty. We learned later that this was his third Indian wife. The reason that he picked an Indian was that no white woman would live the kind of life he loved. At this time he had with him an Indian boy. Several years before he had discovered, out in the bush, an Indian hut with the Indian and his wife dead, and the two little Indian boys nearly dead from starvation. He adopted the boys and at this time one of them was away to school while the other stayed with him and his wife. Only one boy went to school at a time alternating with each other. The caring for these boys showed what kind of a man he is, and we all grew to like him very much, and his words of advice were listenad to, and his instructions followed. He is a very quiet man, being in this respect like an Indian, but when he told us anything, we found that it was the truth. What we would have done without his advice is hard to say. He owned two cabins at Clay Lake, one on the south side, where he lived in the late spring and early fall, and his north cabin which was about eighty rods south of Skull Camp and where he lived in the fall, until the snow got too

deep for trapping and in the early spring. After thesnow got too deep, he would move his family to town and instead of looking after his business in the store, would go out and buy furs from the Indians. He understood the great outdoors, loved it, and would live in no other place. Money he had a plenty of, but he liked his work, and planned on trapping as long as he was able to travel.

On Thursday the 19th, George's cold had become very bad, so bad that he was forced to take to his bed. As there was nothing we could do for him, we went over to what we called the rocks. This was a strip of land lying north and east of camp, across the bay. Several years before this it had been burned off, and the trees were just nicely starting again. On this strip was ahigh bluff from which we could see for miles, and many is the time we sat on this bluff and with Bill's glass looked over the surrounding country and saw the many lakes and rivers. There is so little soil in this country that after the bush is burned off, nothing remains but rocks. After a fire everything is burned off, and it looks like one huge rock with ravines and bluffs. The first sign of life appears when moss starts to grow. Then comes the little jack pines and in the course of ten or fifteen years, the country is again a mass of bush. So to such a place we three went. It was not long before we jumped a deer on the edge of the burning, but it was wise, and was soon lost in the bush, so that no one got a shot. This was the first deer that Dwight had seen, but it was not destined to be the last, as he was always seeing them and never getting in a shot. After traveling a couple of miles, Bill saw four, one buck, a doe and two fawns. He shot fifteen times at these, but they were a long way

off and he did not register. Later he jumped another and shot four times at this one with the same result. The distance was so great, it being estimated at a half mile, and with the game on the move, the chances of making a hit were very small. Dwigh saw a fawn on the ravine and took twelve shots at it standing without touching a hair. The fawn was so far away that the soun made by the exploding shell did not frighten it. On this day were seen seven deer, and we were counting on just how many we would shoot before going home, as it seemed so easy to get a shot at them, that we all felt sure that the next time we would hit our mark. Shortly before noon it turned off very warm, and it was an ideal day to be out. Friday the 20th George was feeling some better, so we all started north for a drive south. We lined up east and west along the short of the south end of the north lake, and started south, intending to work back to camp. We had not been walking very long when George, Fred and Dwight, who had been keeping in touch with each other, noticed a large body of water ahead. We came together to talk it over and upon advancing further we found the north lake, the very place that we had started from. We were very disgusted with ourselves, so returned to camp and vowed that it would not happen again, but it did to all of us, not once but many times. The country west of camp looked so good to Bill and Fred that they decided to give it the "once over" in the afternoon, so they left the camp. George was feeling worse and did not want to go out again. As there was nothing to do around camp, Dwight took his gun, went out west and found a good game trail. He found a place overlooking the trail that looked good to him, so he stayed there all afternoon, expecting every minute to get a shot at a deer, but as

learned later, he might just as well have stayed in camp. On Saturday, the 21st, George was still under the weather with his cold, so he stayed in camp and to kill time made a chair out of branches. It was very comfortable, and the only one in camp to date. For seats we had a box and the edge of our bunks. As our cabin was built on the side of a hill, it would have taken considerable work and time to level the floor, so it was left as we found it, except the ground was cleared off a little. To go to bed we had to climb the hill and to get to the stove we went down the hill. The surface of our floor was clay. Later, when the rains came, this turned to a very sticky mud and it was necessary to gather boughs and throw on the floor to keep us out of the mud and water. Under our work bench we dug a hole to use as a cellar to keep our potatoes from freezing. For a stove we had four sheets of sheet iron bolted together. This was mounted on flat rocks which brought the stove up about waist high. It was a fine stove for heating, but got so hot that cooking was a very hot job. The box in which we had shipped our equipment was taken to pieces, and a good table made. The legs were made out of jack pine boughs, one pair being longer than the other so that the table would sit level on our uneven floor. Our trunk, which we carried with us, was used as a store house for our flour, sugar and other perishable goods. We had two gasoline pressure lamps, which were fine, and allowed us to read any place in our cabin. Lines were strung across the room to hang our wet clothes on. Taken all in all it was a very satisfactory cabin. Bill, Fred and Dwight went across the bay and over to the rocks. It was agreed that Bill and Fred would go around the east side of Twilight Lake and Dwight around the west side and meet at the north end. Twilight Lake was on the north edge

of the burning. The fire had only touched the south edge of the lake, so with this exception the lake was surrounded by heavy timber which made very hard going. After Dwight got in a short ways he took a ravine, which lead away from the lake, and was soon lost. He used his compass and went back where he was met by Fred who had returned to find him. He had shot once at a wolf, and Fred thought sure he had shot a deer and was prepared to help him carry it into camp. They got their bearings and again started north for the end of Twilight. Bill soon found that this lake was a large one and that it would take many hours to get to the north end on foot, so he returned to the burning and struck west where he jumped a deer but did not get in a shot. In this country he found a deserted log cabin, which we learned later from Schultz had been built by a fellow from the States, who had come up into that country to get away from going to war. After staying in that country for a couple of months, he thought war could be no worse than living that kind of a life, so returned to the United States and enlisted in the army.

Fred and Dwight went up the west side of Twilight, expecting to meet Bill, but the way was rough and very hard going. At last they came to a deep ravine full of windfalls. It looke so bad to them that they decided to go no further; but wait for Bill here. They waited and waited and soon the sun began to sink in the west and the chill of evening came on. They then gave Bill up for lost, but knowing his knowledge of the bush, the felt safe in his ability to get home safely, so made tracks fo the burning. Upon arriving once more upon the rocks, Dwight p suaded Fred to take the portage between Clay Lake and Twilight

which he said was only a mile and a half below camp, and after hitting Clay Lake they could work north following the lake shore. When they arrived at Clay Lake the sun was getting low, and the bush kept out what light there was, so that it was hard to pick a passage through. They walked and walked, climbing over steep bluffs and windfalls and down through deep ravines through which little creeks flowed, always keeping in sight of the water. At last just about dark they arrived opposite camp. They called to Bill who put out from the other shore in the canoe, and took them safely back to camp. Later when talking it over with Schultz they found that the portage was fully three miles from camp, and they would have saved about five miles walk by going directly west from Twilight. Sunday morning we awoke to find a wet snow falling, which melted as soon as it reached the earth. Fred and George, who was feeling better today, were detailed to get some partridges, but found it too wet in the bush so did not go far. George saw a wolf and took a shot at it. He alsoshot a rabbit, but about the only thing left of it was his snow shoes. Fred shot a partridge which had ventured up near camp. Cards were in order until the afternoon. As the snow had partly ceased George and Bill went up in the North Lake looking around and brought back and moose and three bear skulls. Schultz brought over two white fish and visited a little. He told us that along about the first of December each year, the caribou came down from the north on their way to the Lake of the Woods, and crossed Clay Lake about a mile and a half down the bay. Last year there were eleven big timber wolves came down with them. He saw their tracks in the snow, but was not able to connect up with them. He

told us not to get discouraged as we would soon have snow and would have no trouble in getting our game then. As the snow would deaden our movements, we could get close to the deer in the bush west of camp. It was useless to hunt there now as the leaves from the poplar trees had fallen to the ground, making a cracking noise with every step taken. He advised us to keep to the rocks until snow came, as we might be fortunage enough to get close to a deer there, and we could go over the rocks without making any noise.

Monday the 23rd found us over on the rocks again, travelling hard. As Dwight came over the brow of one of the bluffs north of West Lake, he saw a moose, in the distance, just leaving the lake going towards Clay Lake. He immediately called Bill and together they tried to head him off, but he had too long a start, and nothing more was seen of him. They worked back to the lake and found the moose tracks leading from the lake. In their search for the big boy they lost Fred who proceeded northwest and jumped two deer. After a few jumps, one stopped, and Fred opened fire. After shooting four times, he decided that he was shooting too high so lowered his aim. He thought the next shot must have hit the ground, as something was kicked up by the bullet, and when it struck it made a hollow sound. Dwight got a good shot at a wolf, but there must have been no lead in the cartridge, as the wolf kept on going. This was not a very lucky day for Bill, as he did not see any game all day. George was feeling better and took a short trip up north. The day was clear with hardly any wind. What little snow there was, had all melted. What they were now praying for was snow, and they all felt confident that they would get the game. There iscertainly all kinds of game in the

country, if we could just see them long enough to get a good shot at them. The morale in camp was very low that night, and it seems as though a good meal of venison was along way in the distance. George was feeling very much better on Tuesday, the 24th so we all started for Twilight Lake. After paddling about two thirds of the way down to the portage, Bill got a hunch to land and promised to meet us on the portage. He was travelling along on the upper side of a ravine when he heard some deer below him. He worked around and saw them feeding down in the ravine. He opened fire and two bucks fell. The doe who was with them was too clever, and kept under cover so that he was not able to get a shot at her. After sticking the two bucks he went on, but missed the other boys. Over close to Twilight he jumped a big buck, at which he shot twice, but the deer was along way off, and he did not get it. Bill tells us that this buck is a very large one and has a beautiful set of horns. He plans on keeping after him until he gets him. The other three went up the portage to Twilight, and hunted around there until noon. They were eating their lunch on Timberless Lake, when it started to rain. The boys at once started for home by way of the portage, but the rain continued, and before they had gone very far, they were wet. Upon arriving at the end of the portage, they found Bill seated under a tree in front of which he had built a fire. He told them about the two bucks so they went back and carried them to the canoe, which was no small job in itself. After they had had their supper and changed their clothes, they skinned out the deer, cut them up and got a nice cut of venison which they had for breakfast the next morning. It surely went good, and everyone was heavy with deer meat on Wednesday the 25th, so wood was gathered, the

[illegible] was some Indian maiden in

cabin banked up, and some baking done. After another good dinner Bill, George and Fred went up sight seeing on north lake, and brought back some moose horns. Up in north lake they landed on an island that stood high out of the water. This island had a stone point running north from it, which Schultz told us was used as a lookout by the Indians. From this point all of the bays in the lake could be seen, so when a moose ventured out in any one of the many bays in this lake he could be seen from this point. On the island itself was a long drying rack used by the Indians for the purpose of drying their meat. Upon their return to the cabin, cards were cut to see who would take a ham and shoulder, of one of the deer, over to Schultz. Fred and George lost. On Thursday Fred was not feeling so well so he stayed in camp. The other three went up to the north lake. Bill and Dwight landed at the mouth of the east creek and George took the canoe and went around to the river. Bill and Dwight worked north and west over the timber grant to the burnt-over land, then southwest to the west river where they met George. This was the roughest part of the country visited so far. The ravines were deep and narrow and the hills high and steep. At the bottom of each ravine was thick bush and usually a swamp. The sides of some of the hills were nearly straight up and down and only by following the cracks in the rocks could a passage be made. The north sides of these hills were covered with thick moss and the bush grew so dense that the sun in many places never touched the ground. After returning to the canoe we started to go around the west side of the lake, when we heard a deer in the lake just north of us. We rowed a short distance in and opened fire on a buck which was in the water. After several rou

were fired, it was noticed that the deer was hit in the hind quarters by a shot from Dwight's gun. They rowed in but the deer, badly wounded, got to shore and started to walk away. George drew a bead and hit the deer again, which went down. They landed, and Dwight, under the able direction of Bill and George, stuck it. It is unnecessary to say that he did it wrong. The deer was cleaned, washed in the lake, and loaded. Plans were changed, and the hunters went to the east creek to look for a moose. None showed up, so at dusk the party started toward camp. The wind had died down, and there was not a breath stirring. The water was as smooth as glass and reflected the sky in radiant colors. Shortly a full moon hung in the east, making a pathway of gold on the water. In the distance close to shore could be seen muskrats, swimming back and forth, causing a ripple in the water, which spread and spread and finally was lost in the glassy surface of the lake. The reflections in the water from the islands were so real that as the canoe passed them it seemed as tho we were spirits riding through the trees and over the rocks. It was a wonderful evening, and was fully appreciated by the three silent men in the canoe to whom it seemed almost a sacrilege to disturb nature by talking.

The next day being Friday the 27th, it was decided that Bill and Dwight should go to Quibell to get some shells for Bill's gun, as he was getting very short, and incidentally more groceries. They accordingly left about 7:30 in the morning and after an uneventful journey arrived home that same night about eight o'clock. They did not get the shells, but made arrangements to get them at Kenora, and have them sent out to Reed's place, where they were to call for them the next Tuesday. On the way home they heard what they supposed was a Canadian lynx. If it was not a Lynx it was some Indian maiden in

deep distress. The cry, which was more like a shriek, sounded so terrifying that the boys put added power in their paddles, and were soon far away.

During the day Fred and George went up to the north lake, then over to the west lake. Fred shot a snowshoe rabbit, and planned on cooking it; but after carrying it home and looking at the big pile of deer and fish, the rabbit was put to one side for the time being. Bill and Dwight were very tired after their jour so the window which Cy Williams had given them was put in the eas side of the cabin. After dinner the hunting spirit got too stro so all four went north. Fred guarded the entrance to the river, and George the creek, while Bill and Dwight went up on a drive. While up north Bill ran into a moose and tracked it until about dark, when he gave it up and returned to the mouth of the river. Shortly before Bill saw the moose he got separated from Dwight who struck the river and followed it for a ways. Just as he was about to return, he jumped a big buck which ran up the hill and stood there looking back. It was an easy shot, but it look- ed as tho Dwight had missed, as the deer bounded away, but coul be heard threshing around in the bush. He immediately started in pursuit and found it lying dead not over a hundred yards fro the place he was shot. He returned to the lake and accompanied by George and Fred they cleaned the deer and hung it up in a shady place and covered it with branches to keep the ravens away. Upon their return to the lake they found the wind had started to blow very hard, and when joined by Bill, they start- ed for camp. This journey was just the opposite from the one taken the last time they were up in the north lake. The moon was hid behind the clouds and the waves rolled so high against

the shore that they had difficulty in launching their canoe. They worked around as much as possible to take advantage of the pro- tection of the islands but every once in a while it was necessary to take to the open and unless the canoe was pointed against the waves, it would ship water. No accident occurred and they ar- rived safely at camp, hungry as four men possibly could be. A supper was prepared, which consisted of soup, beans, venison hash, venison steak, bread, butter, jam, pickles, tomatoes, canned corn and coffee. After supper the dishes were washed, the rifles cleaned, nd the weary party sought their downy beds, to toss rest- lessly and dream of killing moose, bear, deers and what not.

The next day being Sunday, the 29th, the Canadian law was observed, and no hunting done. George, Fred and Dwight sawed and chopped wood most of the day, and Bill made a bow and arrow with which to shoot partridges. Bill and George got restless about 3;00 o'clock so went on an exploring trip up the north lake, then over west. Shultz shot a deer today, and upon bringing a quarter to his canoe, could not find his way back, and had to give it up after searching three hours. The next day he returned, and with- out much difficulty found the remainder of the deer and took it into camp. This incident shows how easy it is to get lost, and lose your directions in this country. Is it any wonder that the members of our party were always getting lost when a woodsman and trapper like Schultz would get his directions mixed and be unable to retrace his steps?

In the morning of Monday the 30th, everyone rolled out at four-thirty, and before daylight a start was made for the rocks on the east side. Three bucks were seen before dinner, one by George and Fred, one by Bill, and another by Dwight. The only person to

shoot was Bill, who took a long chance and shot nine times at the one he saw, although it was a long way off. The buck George and Fred jumped went shorting through the bush. As it was the first one to snort, that the boys had heard, it gave them a thrill, as they did not know but what it might be an elephant or some other big animal. Late in the afternoon, as the party was working back towards the canoe and camp, Dwight, who was off to the left of Fred and George, jumped a buck which ran close to them and in a fairly open place. Fred was behind George, so did not get a shot at this deer, but George, with his trusty rifle, brought the deer down in two shots. It was a pretty piece of work, as the deer was on the run. He was hung up in the same manner as they had hung up the deer shot by Dwight, and the party arrived at their canoe without any more adventures. Things are surely going fine with us and every one is happy. Shultz who had heard us shooting, came over to camp accompanied by his Indian boy, and told us that there was a dead deer over near Twilight Lake, which he figured was the deer that Fred had shot at, and instead of hitting the ground, had hit the deer which had run off, only to die and be eaten by the wolves and ravens. No effort was made to find the deer, as it would be spoiled and would be good for nothing. Along in the night it started to rain and rained nearly all night. When George went to put on his over-shoes, he fould one of them full of water, which had leaked in off the roof. Fred's pants were all wet, but outside of this everything was shipshape in camp. It rained off and on all day. Between showers, Bill and George made a sail for the canoe and it worked fine, considering the wind they had. It never proved to be of much help, as

the wind was always blowing from the wrong direction, or there was none when we wanted to use it.

Later in the day George and Bill went up to the north lake and explored a creek on the west side. Found an old Indian camp and saw some fresh moose tracks. They returned in the rain, wet to the hide.

Wednesday, November 1st. The big day arrived. It rained again all night so George, Bill and Dwight started for Reed's, for Bill's shells, which were duly received. Upon their return to camp they were met by Fred at the water's edge, who broke the news that he had shot a moose up in the north lake. It seems that shortly after the three left for Reed's, Schultz had come along and invited Fred to go up north with him. They discovered a moose out in the water, and while it was feeding they rowed up on it. As the moose would put his head down in the water to feed, Schultz, who was rowing, would take a couple of strokes with his paddle, and then would remain quiet while the moose raised his head to look around. When they approached close enough, Fred opened fire, and after five shots, three of which took effect, the moose waded to shore and fell right at the water's edge. Upon the gang's return, the block and tackle was gotten out, and arrangements were made to bring the moose out. The spirits of the big game hunteres were running high, and with Schultz there to tell of his experiences, a very pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent. After Schultz had gone, our genial hunting pardner Fred told us about his thrilling experience of the evening. It seems he had been looking and listening for the gang's return all afternoon, and about dusk as he was down to the water's edge, straining every nerve trying to hear the ap-

proach of the boys, he heard a noise across the bay, and saw a dark object come out of an irregularity in the shore line. With all possible haste he ran up to the cabin, strapped on his belt, grasped his trusty rifpe and ran over to the Schultz cabin and all out of breath informed Schultz that a moose was out in the bay and begged him to make haste and together they would shoot another moose today. Schultz, in his quiet way said "that was my wife you saw, out looking at her trap line." Back to his cabin came Fred, with all the joy taken out of life for the time being. On Thursday tye 2nd of November, everyone was up bright and early. Schultz and his boy came along, and the six of us started up to load Fred's moose and take it down to the Reed Portage. As we neared the north shore of the north lake, Schultz signalled and we sought the protection of an island; where he informed us that there was a moose in the lake just off the river. A landing was made, Schultz took George in his canoe, but after a couple of strokes he decided his canoe was too small, and they transferred into the larger one and proceeded after the moose. Bill had gone across the island and reported back that he saw another moose on the east shore. He and the Indian boy started out in Schultz' canoe after this moose. Shortly after this party left, Fred and Dwight noticed that the moose on the east shore had been joined by another. Schultz and George found their moose gone when they got there, but from his track, Schultz said it was a big bull. George is laying forthis boy, and tomorrow will find him in the river bay before daylight. Bill and the Indian landed on the northeast corner of the lake, and tried to get up on the two moose, which they thought was a cow and calf; but before they worked around

so as they could come up against the wind, the moose had gone back in the swamp and no attempt was made to follow them. The whole party then went to the place where the moose that Fred had shot lay. A rope was put on his horns and he was dragged over to a rock where the canoe had been left, and loaded. The hunters started out with the moose for the Reed Portage. They stopped enroute, to get a sandwich for lunch. A landing was made at the rock, and the moose hoisted up the rock and pulled back in the timber where he was hung up by his horns. After covering him with boughs, the boys got home without further adventure. The fish line was baited by George and Fred with moose heart, and it was decided a fish license should be purchased and some fish taken back to the states. Friday everyone was up bright and early, and departed for the north lake. Fred and Bill were put on shore at the northeast side of the lake, to await the appearance of the moose in the northeast bay. George and Dwight took the canoe and went out to Lookout Point but no moose showed up. The day was dark, and misted most of the time, just enough to keep the bush wet, and also the hunters. George and Dwight jumped a big buck, George shot, but no returns. Fred shot a rabbit, and saw a porcupine. Bill heard a bull moose in the swamp, but did not see it, as the wind was wrong. The fish line was run, and two big fish brought in. As on Friday everyone was up bright and early, the fish line was again run, and two fish were still on the hooks. Schultz joined the party, and all except Fred went north to the lake. George went in Schultz's canoe, and Bill and Dwight took the other canoe. No moose were seen, so all four landed and took the portage to Egg Lake, looking for moose. Again they were disappointed, so Bill and George went north and east and Schultz and Dwight hunted south through the rocks

north of the north lake. They saw four deer, and got in three shots, but they were snap shots and aside from leaving a little hair behind, he deer went free. While they ate their lunch, Dwight happened to remark to Schultz that the deer certainly would be more pelntiful and not so wild if it were not for the wolves. To this Schultz made answer that it is necessary for all wild animals to have some deadly foe, as it keeps them fit. In the case of the deer, if it were not for the wolves they would multiply so rapidly that their feeding grounds would be crowded and the deer would cease to be the quick, rapid animal that they are. Some disease would carry them off. I saw one season of black-tongue among deer. It killed them off, and I believe that it is one of the diseases of over-production. The wolves are forever on the trail of the deer. Wariness is an instinct born in the fawn. It makes him keen, quick, active, fearful, and so he grows up strong and healthy to become the smooth, sleek, beautiful, soft-eyed and wild looking deer that you fellows are trying to shoot. Only the strongest and swiftest survive. Such was the philosophy of our friend Schultz and we can always thank our lucky star that we got acquainted with him. As Bill and George proceeded they saw several deer in very rought country, but did not shoot as it would be impossible to get them out. As they neared the north lake, they heard some branches break, so got on the windward side of a ravine, and worked up to where they could see a moose feeding. Again they made a circle to get at closer range, and when they got in the right position, George opened fire, and after four shots, three of which took effect, the moose went down. Just at this time Bill heard a moose coming down the ravine from the north. This boy was

undoubtedly confused by the sound of the firing, as he came right at the boys. Bill shot him in the chest with his first shot, and down he went. In order to make sure of him, he gave him two more shots in the shoulder. Thus was killed two big moose in the rocky hills north of the North Lake, about one- and one-half miles from the shore. After the killing Bill gave the signal of one shot for attention, two shots to come, and three shots to let us know the game had been killed. Schultz and Dwight were out on the lake, going from one of Schultz' traps to another, and promptly turned and came back to the north shore, where they were presently joined by Bill and George. The party then followed the blazing back to the game which they cleaned. By the time this work was done, it was growing dark. With Schultz in the lead, they started for the canoes, which they reached about seven o'clock after bumping into nearly all the trees in that vicinity, climbing rocks, and wading several creeks. Their clothes were torn and wet, hands and faces scratched, and they all made a very dismal picture except Bill and George, whose faces reflected the satisfaction which they felt of being the conqueror of the monarch of the forest. The traveling was done with Schultz in the lead, then George, Dwight and last Bill who kept his compass out and who helped Schultz considerable in arriving at the lake. Upon their arrival at the cabin they found Fred all excited. He had been out west of the camp and ran into a drove of deer. He was sure there were six in the bunch, but was unable to get a shot, as they had the wind. He went further, and jumped two more, but the timber was so thick he could only hear them go. This was the end of the best day that could come to the hunters from the camp of "Skulls and Horns."

On Sunday morning the 5th, an early start was made. Block

and tackle, kodaks, axes and everything else necessary was taken to bring the moose out whole; but after looking the country over it was decided it would be next spring before we got them out whole. On the way over to where the moose laid, George and Fred went by the portage off the north lake, and Bill and Dwight followed the blazing. George shot at another moose, and cut some hair from his back, but as it was impossible to track him, they gave it up. After deciding to cut the moose up, Bill and George went to work skinning and quartering, and Fred and Dwight to cutting a path through the woods up over rocks and down through windfalls, through swamps and through creeks, where it was sometimes necessary to build bridges. About 4:30 Bill and George, who had finished their work, arrived at the place where Fred and Dwight were cutting, with the guns and the head of George's moose. They had left Fred's and Dwight's vests up by the moose. They being overloaded, thought it more essential to bring out the head than to provide for the health of the two boys. Fred and Dwight were forced to go back. It was late and before they started back with their vests, it had grown dark. Here they were, wet to the skin, about a mile and a half from the shore of the lake, with no moon or stars to guide them through the wilderness. It was a much different proposition than it wasthe night before, for the reason that Schultz was not along, and neither one of the boys had had any experience in travelling through the bush at night; and and all because Bill and George thought they were overloaded and could not carry the two vests. The boys were continually losing their way and going in the wrong direction. How far they travell in arriving at the shore, no one knows, but arrive they did, com-

pletely all in, besides being wet and badly scratched. A fire was lit which George and Bill saw from the canoe. The boys were taken on board the canoe, it was now raining and blowing very hard. When they got out in the middle of the lake, the waves were running high and threatened to swamp the canoe several times. At last they arrived at the cabin, completely worn out, and wet as could be. Very little cooking was done, and what food was on hand was soon cunsumed, and the whole party tumbled into bed.

On Monday the weather was clear for the first time in over a week, but it soon clouded up and started to rain, which it did all the remainder of the day. As every one was tired, we did not get a very early start, but by noon we had the road swamped and took out two loads. All the rain had swollen the creeks, and made the swamps little lakes. Water was waded in knee deep in several places where there was none the day before. Of course everyone was soon wet. George, with a quarter on his shoulder, was going down a hill. He slipped, sat down, and slid the rest of the way to the bottom, and landed witha splash in the water with the quarter of moose on top. Bill slipped and cut his hand, besides raising a blister on his finger. It was a day of real work, and the next day promised to be another. Upon arriving at camp, they found the water had filled the ditch around the cabin, and had run over, making the floor a sea of mud. The cellar which we had dug for our potatoes, had filled with water, from which our potatoes were rescued. It was sure some life, but a man did not dare to weaken.

Tuesday they awoke to find a wet snow falling, which melted as soon as it reached the ground. This day was spent in packing the moose out, a task that was completed in three more loads. It

was a real day's work, and everyone was glad that they had the meat in camp.

Wednesday, November 8th. Everyone was up early. Fred and George started southwest from the camp and Bill and Dwight went west. It had frozen the ground during the night, so it was impossible to go at all quietly. Three deer were seen and several more jumped. Bill got a running shot at a big buck and Dwight got a shot at something which turned out to be a hollow log instead of a deer. Four nice fish were taken off the line. Tomorrow they start to move the equipment out to civilization, as the weather seems to promise a change, and it is feared they will get frozen in. All of the bays freeze first and then it is some time before the main lake is covered with ice that will support a man. This stops travel all together.

On Thursday Fred and George got an early start, and took all of the moose down to the south portage, except the hides and heads. Shortly after they started, they got a shot at a deer on the lake shore, and on the way back saw a buck swimming the lake. They headed it off and shot twenty-one times but the water was rough, and it was a very difficult mark. In spite of this they got a shot home but only wounded the deer and it got away. Bill went west and north, and discovered what he named "Dollar Lake" for the reason that its shore line was as round as a dollar. He came home with his gun clean, altho he saw two fawns at which he refused to shoot. He heard a couple more, but did not see them. He also ran across the track of a big buck, which he pronnunced the biggest he had ever seen. Schultz told us that this buck had lived around what Bill called Dollar Lake, for five or six years. Several

years ago he had come upon his trail and tracked him in the snow, all day, but did not see him. Sinve that time he had made several efforts to shoot him, but the deer was too wise. Once, however, he saw him just long enough to see that he was the largest buck he had ever seen. He plans on getting him this year, and when we come back next year, he will show us his head. Schultz invited Dwight to accompany him while he went over his trap line, and when this was done they would hunt. They saw two deer, and jumped two more, but the bush was too thick, so they also came home with clean guns. While up north with Schultz, Dwight came upon a place all torn and trampled up as though two moose had had a battle. He found their tracks and also a horn, which undoubtedly had been torn off the head of one of the moose, as there was fresh blood on it. This he brought into camp, and plans on making a coat rack out of it.

Friday morning was spent hunting up north of North Lake, after which they planned on bringing the buck Dwight had shot into camp and then getting George's, but when Bill and Dwight went to get the deer, it was found to have spoiled. Bill cut off its head which seemed to be in fairly good shape. While on the way to get George's deer, Bill landed on the east side of the north creek and went east. He saw two bucks and a doe with two fawns, got in five snots, but missed. The other three went down and landed for the purpose of getting the other deer, but found that this also was spoiled, so they went to camp very much disappointed. They cut off his head, but when Bill arrived home he said it was cut off too short and would be hard to mount. As it was early, and nothing to do around camp, all three went west of camp. They jumped a deer in the poplars and Dwight shot once, but missed.

George was standing a little in front of him and a little to one side, so that the noise from the gun frightened him, besides hurting his ears. Upon returning tocamp, the deer which had been hung up was taken down, and it also was spoiled. This was sure tough luck, and a waste of perfectly good venison. Plans were discussed for staying another week to retrieve our loss, but Schultz advised us to move down to his south camp at least, as we could then get out whether the lake froze or not. Bill wanted to stay, Fred did not care, but George and Dwight wanted to get home, so it was decided to bid Skull Camp good-bye in the morning.

Saturday morning on the 11th of November, everyone was up long before day light and the breaking up of the happy home was begun. As the different articles were packed and made ready for their journey back to the states, they were carried down to the landing and loaded in the canoe. All articles and supplies not wanted were put in a separate pile, and given to Schultz. At last the final load was taken down and just as the sun came over the left shore of the lake, good-byes were said. With heavy hearts the hunters from Skull Camp took to their canoe, looking back upon their camp for the last time this year. There was hardly a ripple on the water, for which we were thankful, as the canoe was loaded so heavy that the water was only a few inches from the edge. As the party paddled into the main lake, they saw a buck swimming from one island to another. They at once started in pursuit and found that the buck had landed on a small island probably covering about ten acres, part of which had been burned off. Fred was stationed on the east side to see that the buck did not leave

the island and Bill went to the west side for the same purpose. George and Dwight undertook to drive the island, with no thought but what it would be an easy task with the sure reward of a deer. They hunted and hunted but did not catch sight of him at all. Bill was sure he had seen the deer run from one clump of bush to another but he went so fast that he did not get a shot. After hunting for nearly three hours it was given up, although it did not seem reasonable that a deer could hide from four men in such a small place. In the meantime the wind had come up and the waves were rolling high. After considerable debate as to whether or not it was safe, out on the lake, with the big load, it was decided that if we were careful and went head on into the wind, we would be able to make it. A start was made but before we had gone very far everyone on board wished we had left part of our load on the island and made two trips out of it, as every once in a while the canoe would ship water. We at last reached the protection of the shore, glad to feelthe solid earth beneath our feet. A landing was made at the big rock and our canoe unloaded. Dwight was sent to town to get some burlap and salt for putting our meat up. The remainder of the party went back to Schultz' south cabin where arrangements were made to spend the night. Dwight went to town, purchased the salt and burlap and got Bill McUen to take him out to Louis Paradis. By this time it was dark, and as the trail was rough and muddy, it was pretty hard going. By the time he had arrived at Reed's, he was nearly all in, so left the salt and burlap there and continued on his way through the bush with nothing to guide him, as the sky had become over clouded and it started to rain. Of all the hardships through which Dwight had passed on this hunting trip, this trip was the worst, as he was all alone with no-one to consult.

At last he noticed a glare in the sky to the north, for which he made. This proved to be a fire Bill and George had made at the big rock, with which to warm themselves and guide Dwight. If ever anyone was glad to see his friends, it was Dwight, who was nearly exhausted, with his face scratched and clothes torn from his encounters with the bush. The party then went back to the cabin where a comfortable night was spent. Early Sunday morning they called upon Reed and engaged him to take a load into town that day. Fred and Dwight were sent back to the cabin to pick up their bedding and other things used during their stay. Just as they were ready to leave, Schultz came along and said that Saturday morning as he was going up north to look over his trap line, he found a doe dead on the shore of the north river, with a bullet thru her stomach. As it was still warm, he figured we had shot it Friday. He took the dead doe up in the woods, planning on using it for bait. By the time the boys got back to the rock, Reed was there with his team so the moose heads and the whole moose with other articles were loaded. As near as could be estimated, bout half of the equipment and game was put on the wagon, and a big load it made. Fred stayed to help with the next load, and Bill, George and Dwight went with the wagon. The roads were very muddy and slippery and it was hard and slow going. So slow that Bill decided to walk on ahead. When about two miles from Quibell the horses were stopped to rest and George saw a deer off to one side of the road. He had his gun out, and took three shots at it. At the third shot the deer went down, but got up immediately, and ran off into the bush. Dwight got his gun out, and together they stationed on the east side to [illegible]

started in pursuit. They found the trail and blood marks, but could not find the deer. Reed had gone on ahead with the team, so instead of following the road, they went through the bush and jumped another deer but did not get in a shot. Everyone was very much surprised at Quibell to see the amount of game we brought in, as they thought, seeing as how we were green horns, we would not get anything.

That night plans were made to go out to a big burning west of town the next day, where we were informed the deer were very thick. The hotel keeper wanted to go along, so the next morning the four of us started. We caught a ride on the hand car of the section men out to the burning. This was a great deal like the burning over east of our camp up on Clay Lake, except it was not as old, and as a result there was nothing green on it. After traveling over this nearly all day, without seeing a thing, we went back to the railroad track. George and Dwight were in the lead, and saw a fawn cross the track about a half mile ahead of them, they hurried to the place and jumped the fawn a short ways from the track. The fawn at once sought the shelter of the bush, getting away without any difficulty. At this point Bill and the hotel keeper caught up with George and Dwight. They all traveled together until they got nearly to town, when Bill, the hotel keeper and Dwight left the track and went through the bush. They followed a stream for a ways and across this stream on a bluff Bill saw a deer. He at once started to shoot but two shots was all he got in and the deer disappeared without injury. A rush was made to pick up the trail of the deer and Dwight who tried to cross on a fallen tree, had the misfortune to have the tree break

and throw him in the stream, from which he came out looking like a drowned rat. Upon arriving in town they found Fred had arrived with the other load.

On Monday the 13th, the game was weighed, tagged and put in shade to make the trip home. The train west came through at 1:15 P. M., and as everything was ready, good-byes were said and the trip home started.

They arrived in Winnipeg that evening, stayed at the Empire Hotel that night, and early next morning again took up their journey to the States.

Bill left the party at Crookston, while the other boys went on through to Fargo where they shaved and made themselves presentable.

The next morning the Southwestern was taken and 3:15 found them back to Ellendale once more.

Thus ended what will probably be the most successful big game hunt any member of this party will ever take part in.

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THE MIGHTY HUNTERS.

GEORGE F. PHILLIPS.

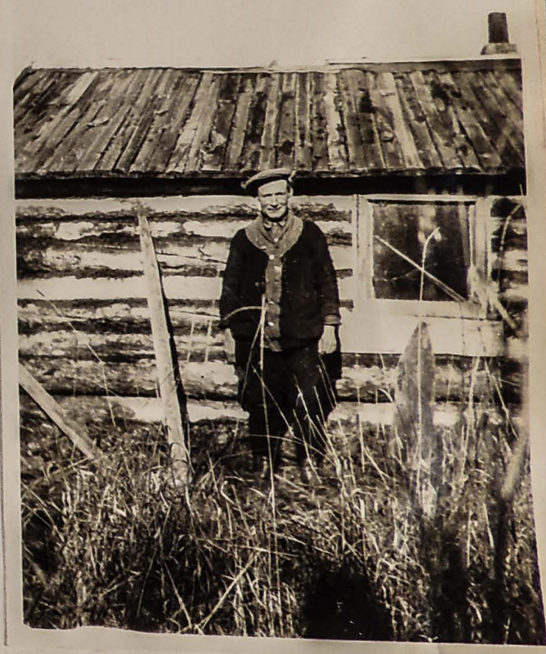
DWIGHT W. CRABTREE.

WILLIAM E. RIDEOUT.
(BILL)

FRED HEDGEWALD
(FRED)

AS FRED, DWIGHT AND GEORGE
LEFT ELLENDALE,

A REAL FRIEND.
SCHULTZ.



THE PLACE THEY LIVED

SKULL CAMP.

THE CAMP IN PROCESS OF ERECTION.

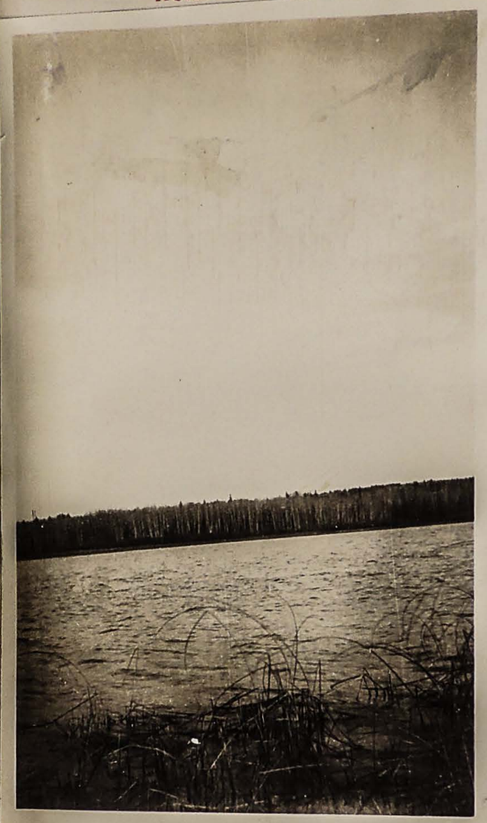
AS THE CAMP WAS LEFT.

THE SOUTH VIEW OF SKULL CAMP.

SCHULTZ'S SOUTH CAMP.

VIEWS ON CLAY LAKE.

ACROSS FROM CAMP.



THE NORTH END.

ABOUT HALF WAY DOWN THE BAY

THE SHORE LINE OF A PART OF CLAY LAKE.

A STRIP OF SHORE LINE.

WHERE THE PORTAGE TO TWILIGHT STARTS
ON CLAY LAKE.

TWILIGHT LAKE FROM THE PINES.

TWILIGHT LAKE FROM A BLUFF.

A DISTANCE VIEW OF TWILIGHT LAKE.
Taken from the knoll on
the burning.

A CREEK RUNNING INTO CLAY LAKE.

ISLANDS IN CLAY LAKE.

Methodist Church - Tall River, Wisconsin

THE BURNINGS.

BUSH AND THEN MORE BUSH.

A DRY RUN.

IN FRONT OF CAMP.

THE PINES.
TWILIGHT

THE FIRST CASUALTY.

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING.
The north lake on a windly day.

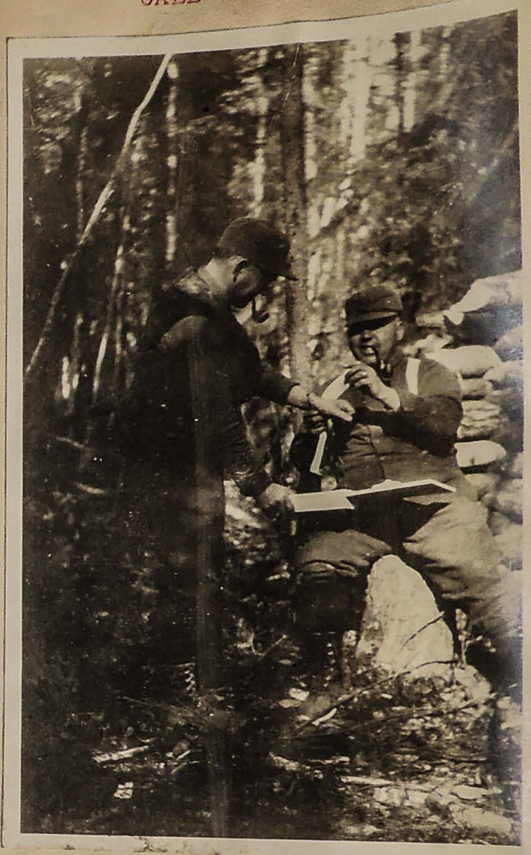
WHAT????

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE BUSH.

PORTAGING THE CANOE.

THE SCOUT.

CALL THE DOCTOR.



BILL AND THE HEADS.

HANGING FRED'S MOOSE.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT.
LONG LAKE.

THE LAST LOAD RESTING SAFELY IN HARBOR.

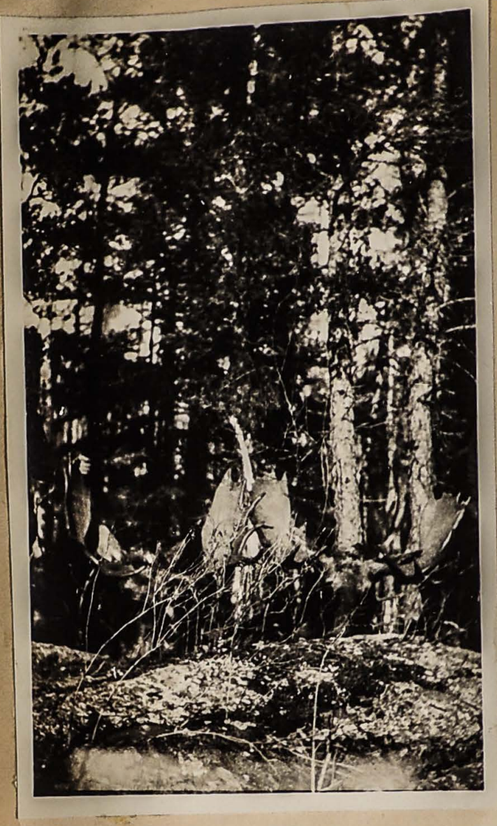
THE LAST LOAD.

FRED'S MOOSE.

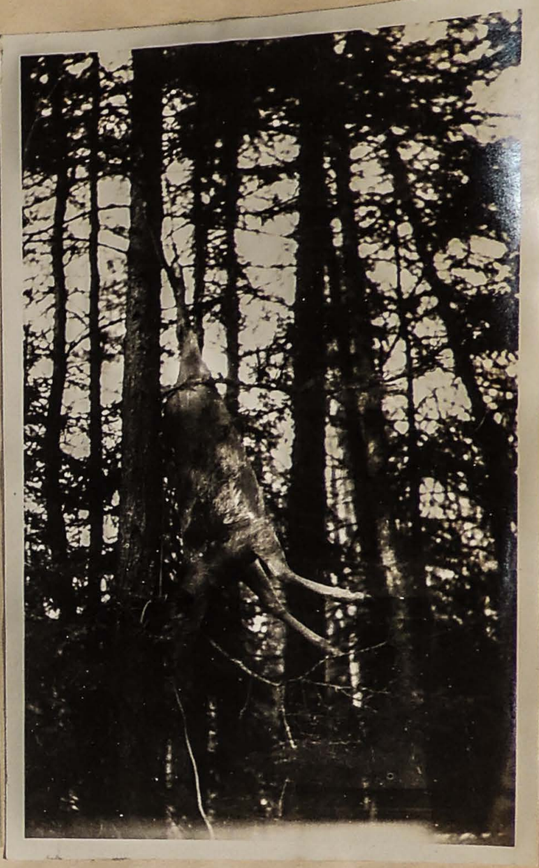
AS THE MOOSE ARRIVED AT THE REED PORTAGE.

HAULING IT OVER THE BIG ROCK.

THE MOOSE HEADS.



DWIGHT'S DEER.



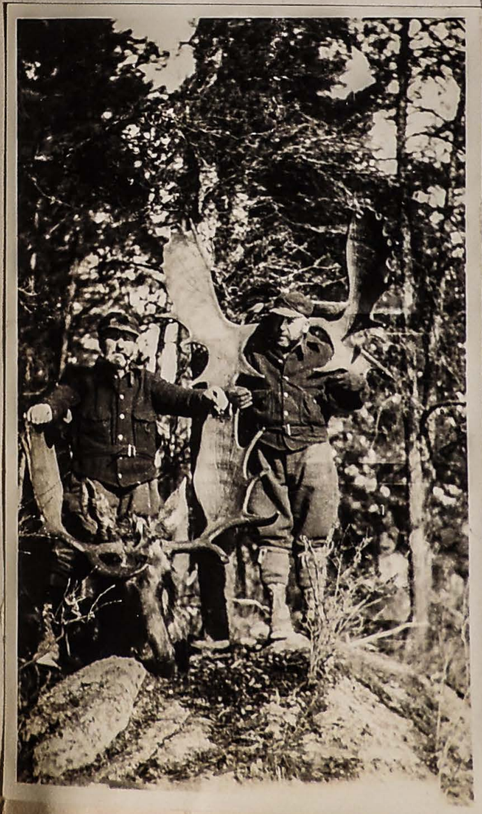
BILL'S TWO DEER.

GEORGE AND HIS MOOSE WHERE IT FELL.

WHERE BILL'S MOOSE BREATHED ITS LAST.

THE TWO MOOSE HEADS.

GEORGE & FRED WITH THE MOOSE HEADS.



AS GEORGE BROUGHT HIS MOOSE HEAD OUT.

COMING BACK FROM THE HUNT.

THE FISHING WAS GREAT.

THE STRING TAKEN
INTO QUIBELL.

OUR FIRST NIGHTS
CATCH.

Weapon Permit

Game and Fisheries Department, Ontario

1922

No. 52

Form G 31
2,000-June, 1922

$25.00 Non-Resident's License to Hunt

Not valid unless countersigned by Issuer

Graham

Under and by virtue of the ONTARIO GAME and FISHERIES ACT, the fee of $25.00 having been paid, permission is hereby given to..... D. W. Crabtree..... of Ellendale, N. D.,

to hunt take or kill, during the open season, Game Animals and Birds within the Province of Ontario, up to the 31st day of December, 1922, subject to the said Act and Amendments thereto, and further subject to any provisions of the Criminal Code of Canada relating to fire-arms.

This license is NOT transferable and must be carried on the person of the licensee when hunting and bear his signature.

Licensee... D W Crabtree

NOT GOOD IN ALGONQUIN, RONDEAU, OR QUETICO PROVINCIAL PARKS, OR ANY TERRITORIES LEGALLY PROHIBITED.

Over)

D. McDonald
Deputy Minister.

1922 **Duck Shipping Coupon** 52

No. 2. *To Non-Resident License No.*.....

This coupon will permit the licensee to ship FIFTY DUCKS from any point in Ontario to the frontier. MUST be cancelled by Agent at point of shipment.

Licensee..... .....

Witness..... .....

D. McDonald

Game and Fisheries Department, Ontario

Deputy Minister.

1922 **Duck Shipping Coupon**

No. 1. *To Non-Resident License No.*..... 52

This coupon will, permit the licensee to ship FIFTY DUCKS from any point in Ontario to the frontier. MUST be cancelled by Agent at point of shipment.

Licensee..... .....

Witness..... .....

D. McDonald

Game and Fisheries Department, Ontario

Deputy Minister

Moose or Caribou Coupon

1922 *To Non-Resident License No.*..... 52

This coupon will permit the licensee to ship ONE BULL MOOSE or CARIBOU from any point in Ontario to the frontier. MUST be cancelled by Agent at point of shipment.

EXPIRES SEVEN DAYS AFTER SEASON CLOSES

Licensee..... D W Crabtree

Witness..... .....

D. McDonald

Game and Fisheries Department, Ontario

Deputy Minister.

THE SECOND TRIP OF THE MIGHTY HUNTERS TO SKULL CAMP.

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GEORGE F. PHILLIPS.

FRED HEDGEWALD

RALPH LYNDE.

A. R. HIGGS.

T. L. BROUILLARD.

YEAR 1923.

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SECOND ANNUAL BIG GAME HUNT AT SKULL CAMP,
CLAY LAKE, ONTARIO

After considerable negotiation and diplomatic effort, the above hunt was arranged for October and November, A. D. 1923.

In the months of October and November 1922, G. F. Phillips, D. W. Crabtree, Fred Hegewald andBill Rideout had gone to Clay Lake and established the camp. They went armed with all the latest equipment, including a strict observance of the Volstead Act, and gained much valuable experience. Among other things they learned that Ontario rains are wet, and that consequently moccasins without rubbers would not keep feet dry.

In arranging for the 1923 trip, the tenderfeet looked to the veterans of 1922 for spiritual and practical guidance, and Phillips with profound modesty claimed he knew how it should be done; hence we listened and then suited ourselves.

Of the former gang only Phillips and Hegewald could get away, so Ralph Lynde, A. R. Higgs and T.L. Brouillard were drafted for service.

From this point on, Phillips will be known as "George", Lynde as "Ralph", Hegewald as "Fred" and Brouillard as "Tom, while Higgs will be referred to by the dignified and elderly name of "Archie."

The outfit arranged to leave October 10th, and as Tom was trying boot-leggers and Archie threshing flax, it was plain the gang must be split in two divisions; George, Ralph and Fred to form the advance guard, and Archie and Tom to bring up the rear.

The advance guard got away October 11th at 9:15 via Edgeley, and made the usual connections at Fargo, Glyndon and Winnipeg.

They reached Winnipeg without accident and remained there one day, buying supplies and camp equipment and other necessities. Among other necessities may be listed a fluid, now an antique in the United States, called by various names, but usually referred to as "Scotch." This was purchased and taken along for the reason the boys had leanred in the fall of 1922 that rattlesnakes remain out through the winter in Ontario and that "Scotch" as an antidote for snake bite is a practical necessity there in late fall or winter.

They left Winnipeg October 13th at 10:50 A.M., on the Canadian National and reaches Quibell at 4:40 finding Cy Williams and other acquaintances there glad to see them. That evening they arranged for canoes and a team and purchased camp supplies and lumber for camp floor and roof.

Left Quibell at 9:00 A. M., October 14th for Lake but tire came off and at Reed's, loaded everything, including canoes, on Reed's wagon, and reached lake at noon.

They loaded both canoes and made raft of lumber and headed up lake for camp. Went on wrong side of island and lost considerable time and at about 3:30 landed on sand beach andhad lunch. Headed north again about 4:15 but heavy wind came up and had hard going and at dusk were forced to land on West shore. Unloaded canoes with great difficulty and spent night there in camp.

The morning of the 15th the boys loaded and headed north again and reached camp about 8:30. Found camp in good shape and started work on raising roof. Set net and had fish for supper.

Boys were awakened by rain at about 3:30 on the morning of the 16th, so got out and finished roof and packed away supplies. Found met full of fish and had fish and biscuits for supper.

We will now leave the advance guard eating fish and biscuits and repairing camp, while we bring Archie and Tom to camp.

Archie and Tom left Ellendale on October 18th and while waiting for the N. P. at Edgeley were entertained by Father Long at a game of golf and at dinner. Archie acted as caddie in the golf game and kept score for both Tom and Father Long, so you may safely assume that with Archie's help, Tom got a low score.

Made usual connections at Fargo and Glyndon and reached Winnipeg at 8:30 A. M., on the 19th.

After checking guns and packs, went to Hudson Bay Company's store for footwear. Tom bought moccasins and moccasin rubbers and heavy wool socks while Archie invested in German socks.

Winnipeg is a hustling city of some two hundred thousand people, and they all treated us royally.

Left Winnipeg at 10:50 A. M., on the 19th for Quibell and the writer (this is written by T. L. Brouillard) was greatly interested in the scenery between Winnipeg and Quibell.

For the first 30 or 40 miles we found a genuine Red River Valley. Then we ran into a timbered strip of popple and brush with an occasional spruce. Gradually the timber growth changes to almost solid Jack Pine and spruce with an occasional birch.

As soon as we got into the stand of pine and spruce,

Both lay in water about 300 yards from shore. This occurred at about 9:30 A. M., so they paddled back to camp and got Fred and rope and dragged both bulls to shore.

They skinned out both animals and cut them up and returned to camp about 7:30 P. M.

The morning of the 18th they hauled heads, hides and meat down from north lake and on way down saw two deer. George took two shots but without result.

After reaching camp they got heads, hides and meat ready for trip to Reed's next day and skinned out mink George had killed. Got some perfune in performing operation. Had moose steak for supper but it wasawfully tough.

In making a landing with small canoe, Ralph, who was in bow, stepped out suddenly with the result that the bow shot up in the air and the canoe spun over, George disappearing in the lake. When he appeared again he pronounced the ice cold temperature just right.

Some snow fell on the 18th, but nevertheless the boys report that files bothered them to some extent.

Fred built a double deck bunk for Tom and Archie and that bunk will be mentioned again.

On the 16th the boys saw their first raven of the trip.

The whole outfit left Reed's on Saturday, October 20th at about seven A. M., and walked the trail through bush to the lake, Reed following with team and wagon and supplies. Loaded everything in large canoe and the five paddled for camp up lake and against a heavy wind. Saw no game on way up except a mink on shore, and in spite of head wind, made run in about three hours.

George, as chief cook, produced a dinner of fried wall-

eyed pike with all the usual additions, and the way that fish disappeared would have bean an inspiration to a confirmed dyspeptic.

After dinner George, Ralph and Tom took light canoe and rifles and went up river to north lake looking for game signs. Saw remains of carcasses where Ralph and George got their two moose, but saw no game signs there, and no wolves or ravens.

Then circled all north lake shore line and found plenty of moose and deer signs.

Also went part way over portage where Bill and George carried out moose last year. Saw one ruffed grouse which interested Tom, as he had hunded them in Iowa years ago. The Iowa grouse were extremely shy and hard to get, but the Ontario bird will not flush until one is within a few feet of him, and they can be shot as they stand with pistol or small rifle.

On the return trip to camp Tom became chilled and he suggested that the boys drop him on river shore and he would walk into camp.

Accordingly Tom landed about a mile from camp, and climbing part way up bordering hills, struck through bush for camp, keeping about 100 yards from river. Within a short time and when about 300 yards from camp, heard something coming up from river and an instant later a splendid buck shot over the bank at full speed. As he struck ledge Tom was following, he swung to left, and as he turned, Tom fired and got him with one shot at about 75 yards.

The 30-40 Winchester soft nose bullet struck him just back of the right ear and went through head, blowing out the left horn.

This buck was of unusually large size and was estimated to weigh between 250 and 300 pounds, and was fat and in splendid condition. He had twelve points.

Ralph and George were still within call and promptly came back up river and deer was dressed out, loaded in canoe and taken to camp.

Had several visits today from three Indian boys loaated in old Schultz camp about 200 yards from Skull Camp. When we gave them supply of moose meat they promptly pulled out. One of them, Albert Schultz, is an adopted son of trapper Schultz, and Whitmore Lalonde is the son of the people who run the boarding house in Quibell. The little fellow is a brother of LaLonde.

On the trip around the north lake today saw several old Indian camps on islands, and were interested in their meat drying racks.

Before Tom left on trip the wife gave strict orders that all water must be boiled before drinking and she would have been horrified to see boys drink freely from lake, river or pool. Water everywhere was clear, cold and good.

Archi somewhat indisposed on this date and unable to eat, but emergency kit was expected to line him up.

On this date the astonishing discovery was made that Archie is afraid of water. This was rather unexpected as water was always legitimate for bathing purposes and has been the only legal drink since 1918.

After some heated explanation on his part, it developed that his fear only extends to riding it in a canoe.

On the 20th some ice along river and in shallow places and some snow on ground.

On the evening of 20th, Tom and Archie climbed in new upper bunk built for them by Fred, and anticipated a night of dreamless rest, but no chance. George had loaded stove and as bunk was close to roof, it was so hot that sleep was out of the question until almost morning.

All up at 5:00 A. M., morning of 21st, and after flapjacks, syrup and coffee, George and Tom paddled to north lake for moose, but without luck, and returned to camp. Found that Ralph, Fred and Archie were all out in bush, so George remained at camp while Tom crossed head of lake to east shore and made circle looking for deer. Tom saw flag, but did not get shot. Saw many red squirrels, a spruce grouse, and a snow shoe rabbit. Returned to camp and as others had not come in, George and Tom lunched alone.

After lunch Tom made trip in bush on west side of lake, George ramining at camp to bake up bread. Tom saw plenty of moose and deer signs, and jumped one deer, but did not shoot as it was in brush and did not offer good shot.

On Tom's return Ralph, Fred and Archie had come in and reported no game but plenty of signs.

It seems that Fred, as leader of the expedition, led the boys almost to camp and then concluded they were travelling in wrong directionso struck back in other direction. When they regained consciousness they were at swamp on west side of north lake, but all claimed they enjoyed the walk.

Late in evening entire party took both canoes and went to north lake for moose but met with disappointment.

After supper George and Ralph challenged all comers to a game of nulla. Fred and Tom took them on and trimmed them, but ever after Fred and Tom were hopelessly trimmed.

Up to this time George had been acting as historian of the expedition, but he now suggested that as he was cook he should be relieved of keeping the log book. He went so far as to insinuate

and went to north lake, Archie and Tom taking portage to small lake on way to Fluke Lake to look for game signs.

Saw no moose tracks but found tracks of about four deer. Followed deer tracks for some time but as it was growing dark, took trail back to north lake.

In the meantime, George and Ralph had circled north lake shore line and found signs of moose in bay where they had killed two. They found that the wolves had been feeding on moose remains.

After breakfast on morning of 27th Archie and Tom with small canoe went to north lake and finding no moose out took portage to small lake north and then tried to locate Fluke Lake portgge but had to give it up. Warm in bush with snow thawing and trees dripping and got good and wet.

On way back over portage Archie slipped and struck solid earth twice, and indulged each time in some mule driver's language.

George had, in the meantime, gone to deer licks and found no deer sign at all. He and Ralph tried trolling for Jack Fish but could not get a strike. They also hunted east side of north lake and George took six shots at wolf but failed to connect.

Fred and Tom won a slam hand of nulla from George and Ralph to finish off the day.

After an early breakfast on the morning of the 28th all except Archie loaded canoe for trip to Twilight Lake and other lakes between that and Cliff Lake. Archie not feeling very rugged decided to remain at main camp.

Pushed out in lake and discovered little craft was overloaded and as snow commenced to fall at that time and skies looked bad, it was decided to giveup trip and break camp next day and pull for North Dakota.

Tom then went over trail to salt licks and saw nothing but one moose track.

Ralph and George went up river to north lake and brought back rope which had been set on game trail.

All then indulged in target practice until George announced mulligan stew was ready for dinner.

Archie took trip along shore and brought in grouse and weasel for mounting.

Snowed all day with every indication of cold spell, but kept net in lake so we could take some fish down to Reed.

On Monday, the 29th, had early breakfast and then packed everything down to shore for loading. Got both canoes loaded to capacity and pulled out down lake, Fred, Ralph and George leading in heavy canoe and Archie and Tom following in small boat.

For the first part of the run all went well, though it was cold and stormy with heavy west wind.

When about half way down, Fred complained of cold feet so all landed back of sheltered point and built good fire.

The wind continued to rise and lake grew rougher and it was decided to wait until wind fall. So frying pan and coffee pot came out and had lunch of bacon, venison, coffee and bread.

During wait all made excursions across point to see how waves were rolling on main lake, and Fred discovered an abandoned shack in timber that was quite interesting. Four posts had been set up and the square enclosed in birch bark sewed together with what appeared to be willow bark.

On the roof we found an old Indian drum or tom-tom made out of a hoop and some kind of animal bladder.

The wind had gone some and bunch struck out again, Fred taking Archie's place in small canoe and Archie going in the freighter.

Made the balance of run to Schultz' south camp without trouble and then discovered bay and river were entirely frozen over.

The three Indian boys were at south camp so all went in and warmed up and visited with the boys, then again hit the water, or rather ice.

The canoes were placed side by side and Fred and Ralph attacked ice with long poles. This worked splendidly until the poles broke off and a path was then broken to rushes so landing could be made and new poles secured. Canoes were pulled up into rushes and new poles secured and then it was discovered canoes could not be launched without getting wet feet.

After council of war it was decided to unload both canoes and cover contents and spend night with Indians. Took our bed rolls to shack and had supper there and bunked on floor.

Stove was pretty warm and after we were all in bed Archie got up and opened door to cool things off, and then he fell asleep and left it open. When daylight came all were about frozen, so a vote was taken and Archie elected to build fire. After some grumbling he did it.

After breakfast on the 30th Tom and one of Indians went through bush to portage to get toboggan and see how bay looked. Bay and river were frozen solid so they pulled toboggan back to canoe where all had gathered.

It was decided that the best way out was to drag canoes to portage and pack the balance of the stuff so all went to work, the Indians helping out with dog teams.

Some stuff was loaded in each canoe and a rope tied to bow and they were dragged by main strength to portage, about a mile. The boy took from about 8:00 A. M., to 12:30 P. M., and was sure a muscle builder.

It was amusing to watch the dog team haul loads on the toboggan, and it was amusing as well for each of us to watch the others play horse and pull.

The creek was not frozen very solid and it was necessary to push canoes over and then cross in them. When large canoe was pushed across, Fred was pushing and pulling near bow and when it suddenly shot ahead, Fred was pushed on thin ice and floundered to his knees in ice water. Strange to say he cussed, and cussed freely.

One of the Indian boys went on to Quibell with the dog team and stopped at Reeds to have him come for us with team and wagon. While waiting for team fire was kindled and all dined in the open on coffee and sandwiches.

Reed appeared with team about 2:00 P. M., and all got busy and loaded and in a short time were making the two and one-half mile walk to Reed's place, Reed leading with load.

At Reed's the canoes were unloaded, Fred and Tom and the two Indians delivering them to their respective owners on opposite side of the small lake near the Reed place.

Fred, Tom and the two Indians then walked to Quibell, a distance of about five miles, and arrived there ahead of the balance of the bunch with the wagon and equipment. On way in to Quibell met farmer who said he had seen two deer on his way into town. Spent night in hotel at Quibell with first soft bed since leaving home.

On morning of 31st followed railroad track one mile east

to see rapids of Wabegoon river. The rapids are quite impressive, and Archie took a number of pictures. On way out saw a large flock of prairie chickens on track and were later told by natives that chickens had worked in along track.

On return from rapids stopped at house of section foreman to see black bear he captured when a cub. Bear was less than half grown and when we arrived was eating with pigs and chickens. He was perfectly tame and Tom petted him on the head and he appeared to enjoy it.

On return to hotel all tried razor borrowed by George and the operation was painful, though all stood it without an anesthetic.

Quibell is a typical frontier station and has a depot, store and very few houses. Buildings are made of rough lumber and cheaply built.

Left Quibell for Winnipeg at 2:36 and again enjoyed scenery along the way.

Met two Chicago men on train, Dr. Pick, a dentist, and Mr. Judd, a jobber. They boarded train at Minaki, a small resort point between Quibell and Winnipeg, and told us they had spent two weeks hunting out of that place.

Minaki has become quite a summer resort and is visited by many people from Winnipeg. The hunting around Minaki is said to be very good and young fellow on train told Tom he had been out from the village the day before and saw five deer.

Reached Winnipeg at 8:30 P. M., and put up at Empire Hotel. George and Fred looked town over and Ralph tried to find some relatives, but could not locate them.

Spent Thursday, November 1st, seeing Winnipeg and shopping. Ralph found some cousins of his and we saw but little of him during day.

All except Ralph spent some time in a taxidermist shop looking over curios and heads. There were some find heads of African game.

George bought pair of snow shoes for himself, and Tom bought small pair for Jane.

Tom spent some time in the law courts and heard part of a criminal trial. The procedure was entirely different from that in the states.

Ralph showed up just before train time and crowd took Great Northern out at 4:45 headed for Glyndon and Fargo. At Glyndon five of us with trunk and baggage made transfer to Fargo in small Overland touring car.

Spent night in Fargo at Annex Hotel.

Out of Fargo at 8:20 A. M., on morning of November 2nd, headed for Ellendale, N. D., U. S. A. Made transfer at Edgeley, and reached Ellendale at 3:17.

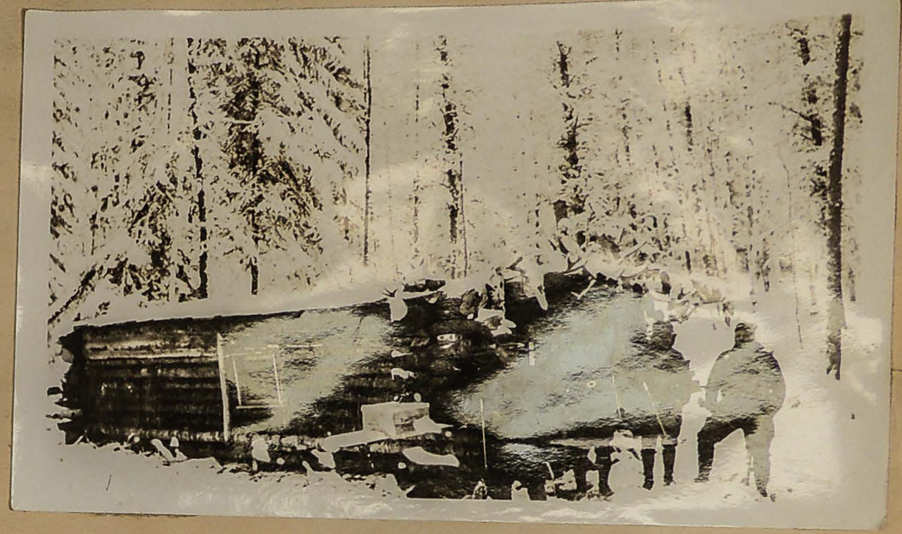
All the faithful met us at the train and Ellendale and home never looked better.

All in all she was some trip and thoroughly enjoyed. There was hardship aplenty and some disappointment, but the good outweighed all that, and the trip was worth while.

Ralph gained 15 pounds, Tom gained 6, George got a bath, Fred finally saw a ravenand heard the wolves howl, and Archie is still afraid of a canoe.

Some time we will go back to Skull Camp and tramp the old trails again, and until then each will keep alive a mental picture of the good old spot.

THE CABIN AS IT WAS LEFT IN 1923.



FORWARD TO GOD'S COUNTRY.

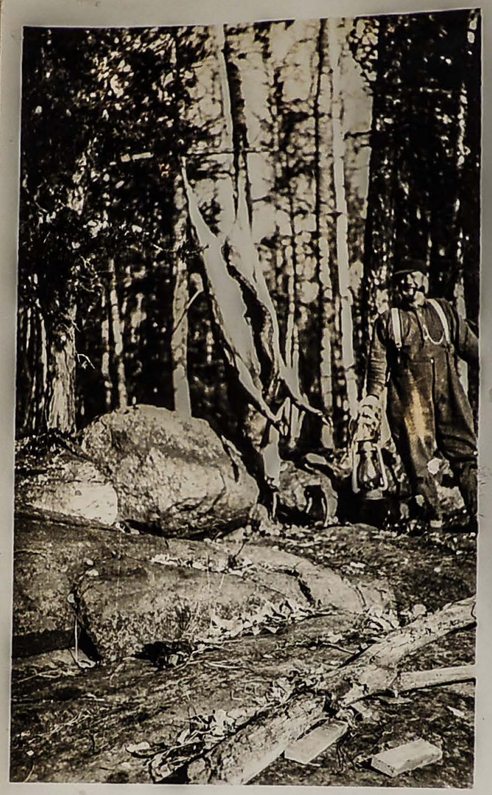
THE FALLS AT THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

THE TWO CONQUERORS

BRINGING OUT THE TROPHY.

SKINNING OUT THE MOOSE.

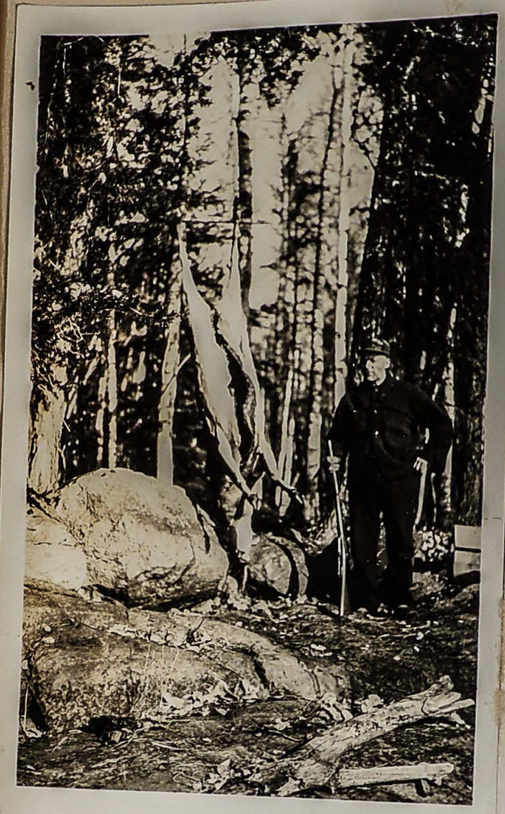
FRED AND THE DEER



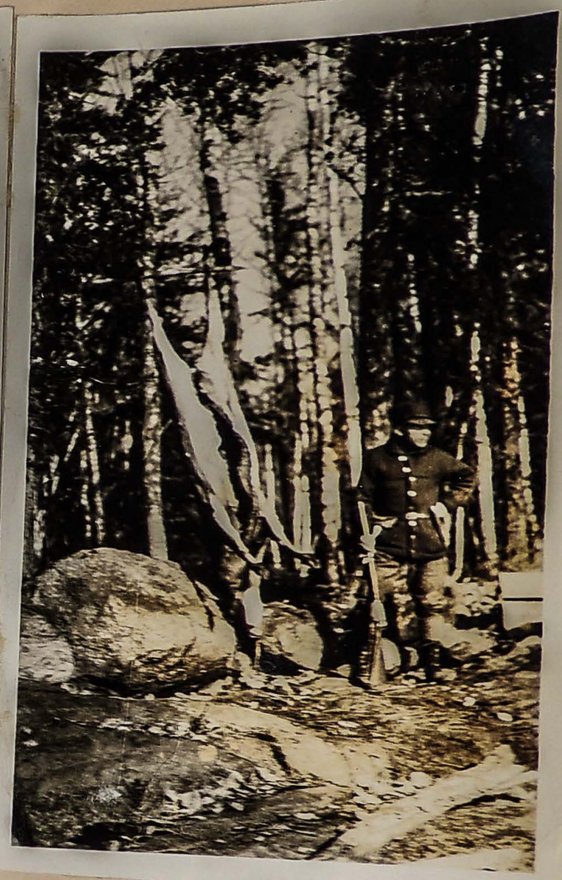
GEORGE AND THE DEER

THE TWO MOOSE AS THEY WERE BROUGHT ASHORE.

RALPH AND THE DEER



THE DEER AND TOM.
The man who
shot it.



CAUSED TO LAND ON ACCOUNT OF ICE.

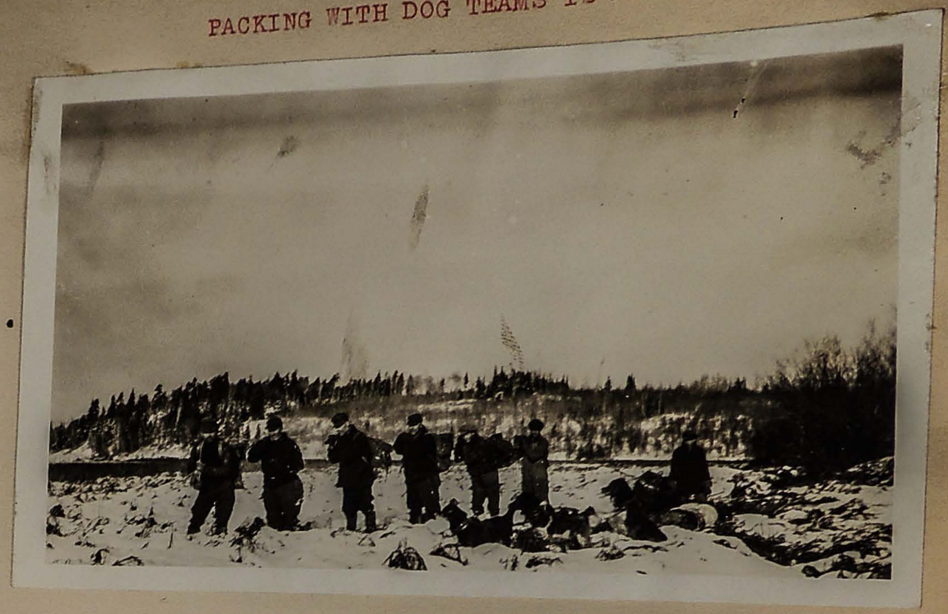
A SMALL FISH.

MC UEAN AND CY WILLIAMS.

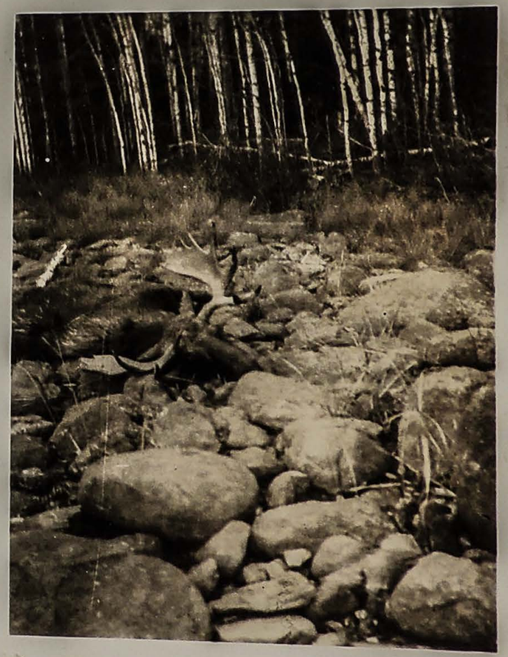
RALPH DID NOT CARE ABOUT THE KODAK.

SOME FISH.

PACKING WITH DOG TEAMS IS ALL FUN.



THE MONARCH OF THE FOREST LAY DEAD.



BIG GAME IN CANADA

One of the most thrilling and happy vacations which I have ever had, was experienced last fall on my trip through the wilderness of Canada.

All my life I have had the feeling that I would like to hunt some animals which I might consider big game. I have travelled over most parts of the United States and decided I would like to explore some parts of some foreign country. I finally made up my mind that a hunting trip through the wilds of Canada would be just what I had been dreaming for a long time. After making my mind up that I would go, my next step was to find someone that would be interested in taking the same trip that I wanted to. Having talked to several of my friends and accomplishing nothing, I decided that I might try a man that I have known a good many years, and who I thought would thoroughly enjoy such a trip. This gentleman was Mr. Fred Goeller, and not only did he more than jump at the chance, but also had his father to try and make the trip, which he later was successful in doing. We found out about the steps which we would have to take in preparing for the trip. We wrote the Canadian govenment and found out what time of year the hunting season was open and what steps we had to take in crossing the Canadian border. We found out the kind of clothing which should be worn during the time we expected to be there. Having found out the information we decided that we would leave the morning of October 15th.

We left Wichita early the morning of the 15th loaded with everything that we could possibly cram into the car and the two wheeled trailer, which later proved to be our life saver. During the first day from home we covered many long and drawn out miles. On the second day we had to take it kind of easy due to the laws in some states governing the speed of a car on the highway with a trailer behind it. Just about dusk we crossed the Canadian border and my life time ambition had come. I knew now that this was the kind of trip I had dreamed about for a long time, and now it was accomplished.

Going on, we drove fast and furious and finally arrived at our destination, which was known as Paradise Camp. This camp is situated at Quibell, Ontario, far from large cities.

Locating Mr. Louis Paradis, the owner of this camp, and telling him our mission, and that we did not want to return home until we had each killed a moose, he told us that he would see to it that we got what we came after. Mr. Paradis told us up farther in the woods, he thought we would find our quarry. Securing us a guide we started out.

Believing that with our guide we could kill us a big moose and perhaps a deer we were all thrilled. We started out early the next morning. We travelled by canoe over the lakes, and kept our eyes wide open for our chance to see a moose. On the lakes we saw quite a number of cow moose and calves but no bull moose. After we had travelled possibly fifteen or twenty miles over these large lakes, my eye caught sight of something ahead of me in the water. My guide was sitting in the canoe behind me, told me that ahead of me in the lake, was a bull moose, and that we would have to be very still. Coming within one hundred and fifty yards I could see that it was a large moose standing up to its back in water. I picked up my trusty rifle and took dead aim. I held my breath because I knew if I missed it would probably be too bad for me. I squeezed the trigger and saw that I had hit the animal in the back, breaking its spine. Twice more I fired and he was dead. That was the noon of the first day out, and I had got my limit and now I was going to wait until Mr. Goeller and his father killed theirs. On the next day they killed a moose and a deer each, and now all of us had got our limits. In a couple of days we decided to prepare to start back.

Perhaps now I shoud try to tell some of the interesting things about the camp and the Dominion of Canada. A modern day boarding house is being erected now and will be ready for use by the summer vacationists. The camp is surrounded by lakes. Mr. Paradis is a very friendly gentleman and does all in his power to make you feel as though you are in your own home. He is erecting more cabins this year and they also will be modern in every respect.

Going ahead and describing the scenery and the climate conditions, I can only describe what it is like where I spent my hunting trip. There are lakes it seems everywhere, and not only are they large lakes, but they are very deep which in some places are clear as crystal. We passed over many lakes that had never been fished, or had ever had a fisherman's line in them. In the evenings when the sun was going down it is a very beautiful sight to see the shadows on the lakes. During the day, it sometimes gets very hot, and later on toward dusk the air gets very cool and it feels mighty good to have some heavy clothing on. The Canadian government is doing everything in its power to improve the roads through the lake and woods country. The highways, the ones that they have, are very fine and it is really enjoyable to drive on them.

No story like this would be complete without telling a little about the fishing. Fishing in all the lakes is very plentiful, in fact after fishing all day a person is mighty tired at the end of the day from pulling in the fish. Pike are found in large abundance in these lakes, and are a very sporty fish to catch. The best time to do your fishing is in the months of June, July and August. For the benefit of you fellows that really like to catch large fish, and a lot of fish, may I suggest that you go up on the lakes in Canada and I believe you will get more fishing in the short length of time you are there, than you have the previous times of your life.

Having fished and hunted, and was successful in both, we decided that we would return the morning of October 30th. It took some hard planning and figuring to find where we could place three moose, and three deer, we finally got everything loaded and started on our trek home. We arrived home the 1st day of November and our prizes were with us, and last but not least we were mighty glad to be back home again The distance travelled was about 2400 miles. It figures about 1200 miles up and 1200 miles back.

—A. V. CRAIG, in the Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.

SCENE: PARADISE CAMP, QUIBELL.

This snowy picture of our camp was taken on September 28, 1924

A Moose Hunt In Ontario

Breaking trails through the Canadian wilderness

By Rush C. Smith

With Photographs by the Author

THE party gathered at Holst Point, a trading post on the Winnipeg River, about 120 miles northeast of Winnipeg. There was Collister, a physician and surgeon from Spencer, Iowa; Barr, an insurance man from Springfield, Ill., Hammen, a contractor from Detroit, and myself.

Holst Point, in the summer time is a woodland retreat for people from Winnipeg as well as other points in Canada and the United States. Situated, as it is, on a point running into the Winnipeg River, close to transportation and in the center of a big game hunter's and fishermen's paradise, it is a fitting retreat for those who want to get away from the crowd. During the winter time it is a trading post for Indian hunters and trappers. Into this post come the dog teams with sleds loaded with fur from LacSuel and the Red Lake Country. Here, with the thermometer at 60 degrees below, the skipper trades in the skins of the silver fox, marten, mink and beaver.

Hammen had been spending a couple of weeks with the skipper, resting up and getting in shape for our big trip into the north and as the Canadian National train halted at the station he greeted us with the information that everything was ready for the start on the morrow. The evening was spent re-checking the grub list, cleaning our rifles and selecting our canoes, for the morrow would see us headed away from civilization into a virgin country, untouched by the ax and seldom seen by white men. The following day the Limited stopped again, long enough for us to load our canoes, pac-sacs and bags of grub into the baggage car and then went rushing and roaring through the cuts and along the lakes for another thirty miles. We had wired the train dispatcher to stop the train at QuiBell which is just a flag station, near the Wabigoon River. Here, we unloaded and started our first portage to the River. Rain was falling by the bucketful as we went into camp in a beautiful grove of Scotch pine just below the falls of the Wabigoon.

Everyone was wet and cold but a big fire of jack pine with a big log to reflect the heat into the tent, soon had everyone feeling good.

As the darkness settled down the thermometer started to drop. The rain changed to snow and before mid-night, the wind was howling out of the northwest in a regular blizzard. As it was still September, we had no fear that it would last but knew that our next day's travel would probably be rather disagreeable. Camp was broken at day-break and the four canoes loaded with all their contents lashed in, as it was an unknown country to all of us and we did not want to lose our outfit in the first piece of bad water we encountered. Around the first bend we heard the murmur of troubled water ahead and as the four canoes rounded a rocky point we saw a stretch of white water ahead and knew that we were in for what the station had told us was the chute. One canoe went ahead to try it out and after two minutes of tense, quick work with the paddles, we were floating on the tranquil surface of a pool below the rapids. One by one the other canoes followed through.

By twelve o'clock the canoes had made the twelve miles run down the Wabigoon and emerged into Clay Lake for noon lunch. The wind was still coming in gusts from the northwest carrying squalls of snow and sleet so that the shelter of the island was appreciated after our bucking of white caps all forenoon. Fishing tackle was produced from the pac-sacs

Collister arranged himself for an artistically posed photograph of himself and his fine moose head

duffle over the long trail from Clay Lake. By noon most of the snow was gone and the four canoes were drawn up on the beach of Twilight Lake. The longest and hardest portage of the entire trip was over.

This long portage is a barrier to the country northeast of Clay Lake. The ordinary hunter or the Indians take the easier route, north on the Wabigoon, very few taking the trouble to make the long, hard portage over high ground but we decided to make it in order to get into the seldom visited country northeast.

After we had our lunch we decided to try the fishing and in less than an hour we had caught twelve beauties, eleven of them were muskellonge and one large wall-eyed pike. None of the muskies were under ten pounds and each one put up a royal battle. The next morning we started at day-break and by 9 o'clock had made a portage from Twilight Lake into Evening Lake. Evening Lake was rather a disappointment as the water was discolored and the shores low and swampy. From Evening Lake, we passed through a very winding creek into Mystery Lake. Mystery Lake was small but bordered by high rocky shores which were covered with spruce. We had scarcely entered the lake, when Hammen, who was trolling a spoon behind his canoe hooked another musky. This early strike encouraged the rest of us and in less than ten minutes we were all battling one of our own. They were big fellows and put up a beautiful fight.

We spent an hour here enjoying this wonderful fishing before tackling the portage into Green Mount Lake. It was noon by the time we had made the portage but we loaded the canoes and paddled across to a Rocky Point where we cooked our lunch and enjoyed the beautiful view. We ate our fill of muskellonge and after dressing out the balance for the evening meal, we struck due northward, stopping about 3 o'clock at the only landing place we had seen that afternoon. The shore of this lake in nearly all places was sheer rock rising in some place sixty feet straight up from the edge as if cut with a huge knife. Camp was made in a clump of balsams and as we still had an hour or so of daylight we decided to do a little hunting.

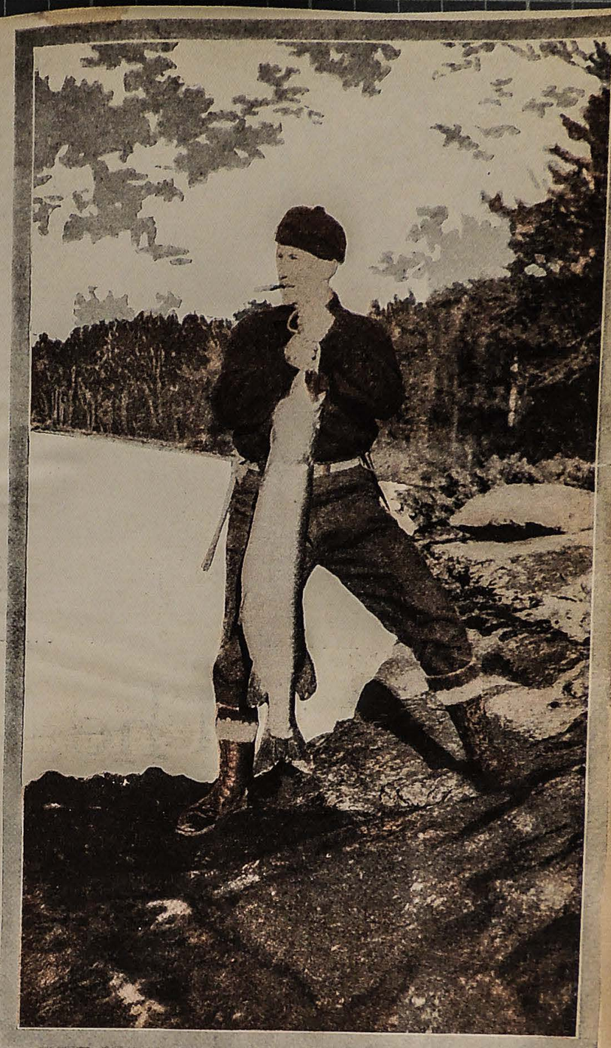
Smith and Collister took one of the canoes with an Indian and paddled along the shore north of the camp, some three miles, where they landed. After sending the Indian back to the camp with the canoe, they started pussyfooting down the riage back toward camp. There were no fresh signs and as darkness fell they arrived at camp empty-handed to find a muskellonge weighing close to thirty-five pounds hung up in front of the tent. Hammen and Barr had not yet returned but one of the Indians informed them that Barr had caught the musky from the shore in front of the tent. This was a prize fish and Barr had been the lucky man. Late in the evening we heard a canoe ground on the shore and Hammen and Barr unloaded a giant moose head and the four quarters of the animal. This was our first moose and had been killed by Hammen near the edge of a swamp not over two miles from the camp.

The next forenoon was spent in dressing the head, fleshing the skin and taking pictures of Barr's big fish. After an early lunch the canoes were loaded and we struck eastward toward Cedar Lake. As we neared the portage which would take us into Cedar Lake, there was a crash in the brush, a streak of black through the tree trunks and a huge bull moose was out of sight. Several shots were fired but the distance was too great and after spending a half hour trailing the animal we paddled on down to the portage and after a while arrived at Cedar Lake. Here we turned northward and bucked a heavy wind and big seas all afternoon. Ice froze on the paddles and the spray crusted the bows of the canoes so that as night drew near we were glad to pitch our camp in a sheltered spot and sit down to a dinner of moose tenderloin, bannock, and maple syrup.

By morning the wind had died down and we paddled up a narrow neck of the Lake, finally, emerging into a larger lake dotted with islands and clear as crystal. It was late afternoon by the time we reached Cedar Falls. Here the lake narrows down to a river and the water goes plunging down an eighteen foot drop with a rush and roar. Camp was made in a clump of balsam, not far from the water fall. The portage around Cedar Falls was short, and early the next morning we were traveling northward through an unnamed lake bordered by low, sedgy shores, an ideal location for moose. The sand along the rushes was trampled down, so that it looked like a veritable cattle yard, and we had proceeded but a short distance when we heard a bull calling on the shore. Collister's canoe was in the lead and made for the sound which came from around a low point. We heard Collister's rifle crack twice and as the other canoes came within sight of the shore we saw a moose lying at the edge of the timber.

Collister was already busy with the knife, skinning out. As this would be an afternoon job, two canoes put off for an island some two miles distance to make camp for the night, while Smith stayed to help Collister with the work. Scarcely had the work started when we heard another bull calling from a distant shore so Smith started out with an Indian to make the attack, rounding a point of rushes quietly and there beheld the bull feeding. The head was not large so Smith dropped his rifle and picked up the Kodak, the Indian working the canoe quietly ahead. Each time the animal raised his head from the water paddling was stopped instantly and the two in the advancing canoe froze motionless. As he put his head down again for another mouthful of lily-pad bulbs, the paddles were dipped quickly and the canoe stole silently forward. When within seventy-five feet the bull raised his head and started straight at them. The shutter on the Kodak clicked and the bull, with a bellow wheeled and started for the timber. Another picture was taken as he stopped to look back just before entering the shelter of the timber.

The camp was finished early in the afternoon and Barr started north with his canoe while Smith went west with a single Indian. On the way back just as it was getting dusk, Smith sighted another bull emerging from the timber. This animal had a beautiful head of horns and stood like the monarch he was, gazing from the edge of the timber at the silent lake. The Winchester cracked once and the bull fell with a crash in the brush. While the work of skinning out was going ahead on this animal, they heard Barr's gun crack and upon arriving at camp found that Barr had the prize head of all. The next forenoon was spent in skinning out and salting down the heads,



By way of diversion Barr occasionally snatched a lordly musky from his lair

quartering the meat and preparing it for it's long trip back to the railroad. After lunch the canoes headed northward again toward Wabaskang Lake. This lake was entered through a narrow, shallow channel bordered with rushes and alive with water fowl. As the four canoes emerged from the channel, ducks and geese by the hundreds of thousands arose with a roar on every hand. The 20-gauge was brought out from it's case and passed from hand to hand so that all could have a little of the wonderful duck shooting but in a very few minutes was returned again as the party had all the game they could eat for that evening and the next night.

As we proceeded down the Wabaskang, the view opened up so that we could see across the lake for miles. The wind was rising and before we reached the portage at the north end of the lake, the white-caps were running and each canoe had

(Continued on page 74)

After the tent was pitched we posed ourselves for a

The M

A Moose Hunt in Ontario

(Continued from page 29)

HOUGH practically the last noble ... has succumbed to

of several inches of water in the bottom. ... We landed at the falls, tired, wet and ... of hungry, ready for the evening meal of ... fried duck which was soon prepared by ... Big Blood, the Indian Cook. The four ... white men fell asleep that night to the ... music of the water rushing over the ... rock on its way northward to Hudson ... Bay. By 8 o'clock the next morning all ... of the canoes were over the portage, and ... the party was paddling quietly down the ... Cedar River, which is merely a channel ... through a large swamp with very little ... current. Here the ducks and geese were ... feeding in hundreds upon the wild rice. ... In some instances they would remain ... quietly feeding until the canoes would ... approach within forty or fifty feet.

Toward noon we emerged from the ... swamp and entered a narrow chasm where ... the water boiled along merrily. Lunch ... of fried duck, bannock and beans was ... eaten on a rocky point, then the canoes ... were again launched with hopes of mak- ... ing the English River by night-fall. One ... portage was made around a fall and at ... 4 o'clock we entered the river. On our ... right was a big rapid reaching as far as ... we could see to the north and east. On ... our left scarcely a half mile away we could ... see the mist and spray hanging in a white ... cloud over another large fall. The En- ... glish River here was nearly 100 yards ... wide and traveling at a swift pace almost ... due west. It is in a deep gorge and look- ... ing up we could see spruce and jack pine ... high above us on either hand. This ... was the point where we entered the English was ... the extreme one from the railroad. We ... were nearly 150 miles from the sound of a ... train and had not heard a whistle of a ... locomotive for over a week. From now ... on, our course lay to the westward and ... southward and backward toward the ... rails. The portage around the big fall ... on the English was nearly a mile long, ... over high ground and through deep ravines ... so that it was dark before all the plunder ... was carried over to the camp, which ... was pitched at the foot of the fall in a ... thick clump of Jack Pine.

Camp was broken at daylight and the ... canoes launched in the rips below the ... falls and then they went leaping and ... bounding through the white water until ... the river finally emerged into Sand Bar ... Lake. The wind was blowing a gale from ... the northwest and the big lake had very ... few islands for shelter. The ten mile ... run against the wind left everyone pretty ... well fagged out by the time the river ... narrowed down and we hit the white ... water again. This was hard work and ... dangerous as we could only see a hundred ... yards ahead. It took skill and quick ... judgment to put the canoes safely through ... this narrow gorge. Camp was made ... near the mouth of the Long Legged River ... which comes in from the northward and ... drains all the country surrounding Long ... Legged Lake and the Medicine Stone ... Lakes which lie several hundred miles to ... the northward. The following day the ... canoes passed through Wilcox Lake, ... another long stretch of swift water then ... into Oak Lake, where it was necessary to ... make a portage around another water ... fall. After the portage there was ... another stretch of narrow, swift running ... water which opened out into Maynard ... Lake. The lake has a number of large ... islands and on one of these a fox carelessly showed himself and was rewarded ... with a 30-caliber bullet in the neck.

We had seen no one, either Indian or ... white man, for about two weeks but ... now daily we passed canoes loaded with ... Indians, dogs and supplies for the winter. ... The Indians were all very friendly and ... stopped and exclaimed over the moose ... head and horns which we were taking ... back to the rails. They thought it a ... great joke that we would take the ... trouble to lug the heads and horns over ... the portages and carry them in the canoes ... all the way. An Indian never takes the ... trouble to shoot a bull as the cows are ... much better eating and head and horns ... mean nothing to them as trophies. ... They were all on their way to the winter ... trapping grounds lying four or five ... hundred miles to the northward and did ... not expect to reach their destination ... much before the freeze up. They told us ... there was a Hudson Bay post, three ... days journey to the southward, where ... they had obtained their winter stake and ... they would be back again to the same ... post for the winter's trading at Christ- ... mas. The weather was soft and warm ... and the party slid on quietly down the ... river and reached the Hudson Bay post ... without further note of interest. The ... post was a log building situated on a ... barren island in the center of the stream. ... On both banks of the river, small log ... cabins nestled and Indian children ... played on the beach in front of each one. ... These were the homes of the packers ... who brought the supplies for the post over ... eight portages and through as many ... lakes from the railroad. All the timber ... had been cleared from the island where ... the post was located for protection in ... case of forest fires. The post itself and ... the ground around the trade house were ... models of neatness. The factor, an old ... Scotchman, greeted us cordially and ... drove back a howling bunch of sled dogs ... that snapped at our heels as we stepped ... out of the canoes. A few purchases were ... made in the store and the trip was re- ... sumed straight southward now to the rail- ... road which lay about sixty miles away.

We had been traveling down stream ... on the English for the past week and ... now we started to make up for some of ... the easy paddling. There were eight ... portages between the post and the ... railroad and each lake was from one ... hundred fifty to two hundred feet above ... the preceding one. The portage trail ... was almost straight up and over bare ... rock which made hard going for a man ... carry an eighteen foot canoe or one ... hundred pounds of duffle on his back. ... The last portage was only about one ... hundred feet from the lake up to the ... small flag station of Jones where we ... piled the canoes and telegraphed the ... train dispatcher to stop the limited for ... us when it came through that afternoon. ... That evening we sat around the fire ... back at Holst Point and listened to the ... rain beating against the windows and were ... glad in some ways that we were once ... more back in civilization and yet that ... evening, plans were being made for the ... next year's trip up the Long Legged ... River toward Cat Lake and into the ... Cariboo country beyond.

All of our trip had been made through ... country unknown even to the Indians ... who accompanied us. All we had for a ... guide was a small Fire Ranger's map ... carried in the bow of the canoe which ... each day led the party. It was complete, ... however, to the minutest detail and only ... once on the entire trip, and that for a ... very short time, were we at a loss to find

THE FIRST BEAR HUNT.

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GEORGE PHILLIPS.

DWIGHT CRABTREE.

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Ting-a-ling went the alarm clocks in the residents of George F. Phillips and Dwight W. Crabtree at four o'clock on the morning of May, 5th, 1925, and the recording angel, or who ever it is that looks after the destinies of men, both great and small, saw George and Dwight spring from their beds and prepare for their hunt for bear in Park County, Montana. With them arose, also, their wives and the recording angel saw Dwight and his wife walk over to the Phillips residance for breakfast where the party was joined by Look-em-over Fred, who, on account of the press of work had to remain behind on this hunting trip. After a big breakfast goodbys were said and with all of their equipment loaded in the Ford Sedan of Dwight's the trip was started at 5:30.

At the edge of town a covey of chickens were seen, a little further a female mallard joined us and flew along side for a while as tho to wish us good luck on our hunting expedidation. Numerous rabbits were seen feeding in the fields along the road who picked up their ears, hopped a few feet and seemed to say "No danger from them this time". they are after bigger game than us poor rabbitts". The morning was clear and frosty but due to the fact that the pistons in the engine had just been tightened, the Ford, had to be driven at a moderate speed the first day.

Before the day was well along a brisk north wind sprang up and soon the heavens were sprinkled with small clouds which occassionally let a few snow flakes drop to earth, but as the car was enclosed every one was warm and happy. We went by the way of the Red Trail, getting on this trail at Cleveland. To get on this trail we went through Kulm, Fredonia, Gackle and then to Cleveland, from which place the trail led us through Medina, Dawson, Steele, Mandan, New Salem, Glen Ulem, Hebron, Dickinson and then to Beach, where we arrived at 10:45, having made a distance of 398 miles the first day. A short stop was made at Bismarck where Moule was visited a short time. We drove up to the Ford Garage and asked them to fill the car with gasoline and change the oil. They reported having put four gallons of gas in the tank but just outside of Dickinson we ran out of gas and had to use our supply which was carried on the running board. There is no question but what they forgot to put in the gas but did not forget to collect the money for it. Another short stop was made at Mandan where we went through taxidermiderst shop belonging to Mr. Allen. We saw many wonderful mounts and made arrangments with him to take care of our bear skins which we would send him.

We left Beach at 7:20 the next morning feeling fine, as we both had enjoyed our nights rest. At Fallon we hit the Yellowstone trail and from there on the road was much better. That day we went through Glendive, Fallon, Terry, Miles City, Forseyth, Custer, Huntley, Billings and arrived

at Columbus at 10:20, having driven 347 miles. It seems that everyone in this country goes to bed early so that we had a hard time finding a garage, altho the hotel was open.

The next morning, bright and early, we stepped out of the hotel and there before us rose the mountains with white peaks glistening in the early morning sun. It was a wonderful sight to Dwight who had never seen the mountains before and one that he will long remember. It was like waking up in a different world to him as it was dark the previous night long before they came in sight of Billings and while the boys knew they must be in the mountains they could not see them. We left Columbus at 7:15 and arrived in Livingston at 10:30. Their they purchased their licenses, found out the way to the Count Ranch from the Game Warden. He was well acquainted with Kester and recommended him to us very highly. Shortly after dinner we left Livingston to drive the twenty miles to Counts. In a short time we crossed Mill Creek and started up a valley at the end of which lived the Counts. In some instances we thought we were going down hill but the Ford kept slowing up in spite of the additional gas we gave her and we were forced to the opinion that we were mounting higher and higher with each turn of the wheels. We crossed and re-crossed Mill Creek several times and at last arrived at the saw mill which seemed deserted. The irrigation ditch ran along the road with its supply of fresh water from far up in the mountains. (This irrigation ditch was the strangest thing seen on the trip. In places we swore that it was running up hill and George said it reminded him of when he was a small boy and read fairy tales). Shortly after leaving the mill we came across a man working on the edge of the road who told us we had passed by Counts, so according to his directions, we turned around and went back as far as the mill. George went over to the mill but found no one. As we were debating on what to do another man came along, in an automobile, and said we had quite a ways to go before we came to the Counts. We accordingly retraced our course and after a while came upon the Counts, both Kester and Garland who were waiting along the road with four saddle and two pack horses. Our equipment was unloaded and the auto driven back to Bill Hayes old place where the radiator was drained and the car put in a shed. We were very favorably impressed with the Count Brothers who went about packing our equipment in the saddle bags in preparation to going up to the main cabin which was about a mile and a half. We stood at one side and could give no help at all but before the end of our stay George could help to very good advantage and at one time packed old Silver without any help.

Kes we found to be about thirty-six years of age with not an ounce of fat on him and a wonderful traveler, for whom the "long trail" had no terrors. He being the oldest was naturally the leader and on his side also had a vast store of experience. He could go up the side of a

mountain as fast, if not faster, than either George or Dwight could travel on level ground. He was dependable at all times and was well versed in woodcraft or mountain craft, as it would be called in this instance.

Garland was about twenty-six years of age and was a much larger man than Kes but did not have his cunning or courage. A couple of winters before, while on a trap line, he had frozen his feet and as a result was croppled somewhat, which, put him under a handicap. Neither had Garland the experience or the hardships of Kes.

They were two mighty fine fellows to have as guides and both George's and Dwight's spirits rose as they watched them pack and get ready to hit the trail. George was given Celestia to ride and Dwight took Bess. They were two buck skin bronchos and to say that they were fine ponies would be putting it mild as they knew more about the mountains and what was expected of them than George and Dwight together will ever know. Kes rode Brownie a big brown horse that was only about half broke, while Garland rode Truby, a horse that had been trained for use at a roundup and would buck at the least possible chance. The two pack horses were Silver and Nell.

Old Silver as she was called was an ideal riding and pack horse, well versed in mountain work and it is doubtful if her equal could be found in Park County. She got her name from the fact that she was a light bay with a snow white tail and mane. At times she displayed almost human intellegance and while packing on the trail, if the trees were too thick to get her pack through, she would go around over places which we thought were dangerous, but she always came through in fine shape. She seemed to know that her pack was to be handled gently at all times.

Nell, or Stiff-neck as she was called (at times worse names were called her) was just the common ordinary horse who broke loose if she could and raised all the hell that was possible.

Soon the packs were in place and the ride to the Counts ranch was started. It seemed very strange to the two men from the prairies to be riding along the edge of Mill Creek, following a small trail which wound in and out through big timber and through brush, over hills and down through gullys, but always on the up-grade and always with the roar of the creek in their ears. We were told by Kes that when the snow on the mountains was thawing very fast the water rushed along the creeks bed so fast that it carried big boulders along with it which sent up a crashing noise and seemed to shake the earth. Kes was in the lead and sometimes it was hard to hear his shout, above the dim of the rushing water, when it was necessary to leave the trail on account of fallen rocks or logs which showed that the Counts' were not very good neighbors and did not keep their trail to the outside world free from obstacles but rather than chop a log intoo would make a trail around it.

After passing through the gate, which marked the out side boundry of the Count Ranch, we soon came in sight of the house and were very much surprised to see a large one story building built of logs with a shingle roof.

The logs were cut from timber near the house and they were long and very straight and made a fine appearance. Porches ran the full length of the house on the west and south sides. Upon entering the house one found it all in one room with curtains hung on ropes to make different rooms. The house had been built the year before but they had not yet made doors or put in the partitations. Kes proudly told us of his plans to make the different rooms, one of which was to be a bath room. Something quite un-common in those parts. Here also we met the boys sister who was of doubtful age. We soon found that she was very religious, could make fine gravey and candy but as a cook she was a failure. Back of the house, probably two hundred yards was a small barn and the corral. Further back on the north side of the creek was a level strip of land where the boys had planted clover which was irrigated very easily and without cost to them. On this side of the creek was also two other divisions called upper and lower Sage Creeks which divided two ranges of mountains. To the Northwest could be seen old Arrow Head mountain, shaped like an arrow and while it was not very high few people had reached the summit which for a long ways down was smooth rock. To the south of the cabin was a low range of mountains which helped form the Mill Creek district.

After separating the equipment Kes suggested that we have a little rifle practice. Undoubtly this was to see if we knew how to handle a gun. A mark was set up at one hundred years and after all had shot a few rounds it was found that George and Dwight had a little better looking taget than the Count Brothers, probably due to the fact that they were shooting George's and Dwight's guns and they were strange to them. Soon the call for supper sounded so out door activities ceased. After supper we all set around the stove visiting and getting acquainted. We soon found that our idea of how bear were hunted was entirely erroreous as horses were not used to any great extent but the hunting was done on foot. George and Dwight had the idea that bear hunting was done mostly from horses. They ~~they~~ would ride up the side of a mountain and there watch for bear through the strong glasses which they had brought along and as soon as a bear was seen they would ride to within a few hundred years of where the bear was feeding, dismount, creep up on Mr. Bear, and shoot him without further preliminaries. After talking with the Counts we soon found that bear, in the early spring, feed on grass mostly, in the manner of deer. That they were a very, very timid animal in the spring, ready to run at any strange noise or scent, very hard to get close enough to shoot at and not very plentiful. They said it would be necessary for us to wear our light foot gear and climb to the top of a mountain and from out standing rocks watch the side of the opposite mountain. That the bear came out in the clearings, called prairies, and after we seen one to go down the mountain on which wer were, climb the other mountain and come down from above on the bear. This was necessary for the reason that a bear has a very acute sense of smell, and if you got below him he would smell you at once, due to the fact that the drift of the air is always upward on the side of a mountain.

That we were to be very careful about making any noise, after we had seen a bear, as the air was light and a noise carried a long ways. We found this to be true as one day Garland and Dwight were up on a high peak and Kes and George were across the balley probably a half mile away and they could hear Garland and Dwight talking very plainly, altho they were visiting in a low tone of voice. They also warned us to be very careful about dislodging any stones or sticks, which when once started would roll for a long way and make enough noise to frighten a bear. Kes told about shooting a bear over at "Hell-a-Roaring" four times in the chest before killing him. He also told of finding a bear with her cub and of chasing the cub up a tree from which place he called loudly for help until his mother came and gave him a shot. After killing the mother, the cub could be caught and taken to camp. The wish was expressed by both George and Dwight that if they could do this and take a cub bear home with them their highest ambitions would be realized and the trip would be a huge success. They told a story, which they claimed was true, about a trapper over in "Hell-a-Roaring" who saw a bear, shot at it and was attacked by four others, the last one which he shot was within ten feet of him when it dropped. Each bear falling dead with one shot. Other experiences were related until a late hour, after which, good nights were said and everyone retired. The beds at the main cabin were very soft and warm. The bed which we had was equiped with two feather beds, between which they slept. The nights in the mountains are always cold the year round and the next morning it was necessary to break about an inch of ice on the water paid before we could wash.

Friday morning, May, 8th, we were up bright and early and after a big breakfast had been eaten and a lunch put up we started on our first bear hunt. Our trail led us up on the east fork of Mill Creek, then over on lower Sage Creek. By making this circuit we covered a distance of over ten miles and reached an altitude of about seven thousand five hundred feet. We saw a few bear signs and a great many deer signs but did not get a glimpse of either animal. We found out later that our guides did not expect to see any bear but took us on this trip to find out what kind of hunters we were and to test us so they would know what to expect from us in the future. We do not know what their verdict was but we do know that we were as near all in as two men could be and still stay on their feet. We found that climbing mountains as entirely out of our line, and that the good Lord must have meant us to travel on level ground. Our guides assured us that we had no occassion to feel worried over our wind as it would improve daily. It was a raw cold day and at times would cloud up and snow quite badly. On the north sides of the mountains we found the snow quite deep, extending, in most cases, down to the foot.

Saturday morning the 9th, when we awoke we were surprised to find how completely refreshed we were. The hard climbing of yesterday had left no ill effects and we felt as fresh as tho we had never seen the mountains. Kes thought it adviseable to take the horses and look for bear signs as we would cover more ground in this way. He accordingly rounded up Old Silver and Brownie and he and George started out. They went over the

range of mountains south of camp, but had not gone very far until they spied, through their glasses, a bear with her cub. They dismounted at once, hobbled their horses and started after her. They had not gone very far until, for some reason, she became alarmed and disappeared. Kes and George kept on and picked up her trail, which showed she was frightened and would probably travel a long way before stopping, so they returned to their horses, mounted and again started looking for bear signs. No more were seen but through the glasses a total of three deer were observed. Garland and Dwight went up the side of Arrow Head Mountain which was just north of camp and which gave a very fine view of the lower Sage Creek country. It was a wonderful look-out site and through the glasses nothing could escape them. Along about three o'clock in the afternoon a small herd of deer were observed coming out of the timber high up on the mountain heading for the prairies on lower Sage. It was great sport for Dwight to watch these deer which he soon discovered consisted of two fawns, one doe and a buck. After giving the country a good looking over for bear his glasses would invarabley be found resting on the deer. A strict look-out for bear was kept until six forty-five, when Garland suggested that we see how close we could get to the deer but in no event shoot the doe. If the buck offered to charge it might be well to shoot him as they were entirely out of meat and some venison would go very well. By the time the boys had reached the creek the deer had gone back in the timber and were out of sight so Garland said he would go around and work down from above. He instructed Dwight to wait twenty minutes and then work up and he would meet him. Garland started but had not gone very far when he saw a fresh bear track and started trailing it. He was interrupted shortly by the sound of a shot and returned to find one of the fawn breathing its last. He immediately stuck it, cleaned it and without further ceremony started for camp with it on his back. It was getting dusk by this time but as Garland knew this country as well as we know main street in Ellendale the traveling was easy altho they did not get home until ten twenty.

As the bear signs were not as plentiful as the guides thought they should be they decided to move over on Mill Creek proper where the falls are, and where the original homestead of the Counts is situated. So Sunday morning the pack horses were loaded and all equipment was gotten together with enough grub to last a week. As an eagle flies it was not a very long journey over to the Falls Camp but with the pack horses it was necessary to take a round about course so that it was three o'clock in the afternoon before we came out on the valley which contained the Falls Cabin. This camp site, beyond a doubt, was the most picturesque of any place seen on the trip. The Valley contained just about one hundred and sixty acres which now blongs to the Counts and they had a fence around the whole quarter. Mill Creek ran along on the north boundry and on all of the other sides steep mountains arose. Through the valley ran a small creek which ran a short ways from the cabin and then emptied into Mill Creek. The water in this creek was as clear as crystal and as cold as it could possibly be. The cabin itself was rather old altho of a good size. One of the first questions asked was, "Well where is the Falls". We were

informed that it was only about two hundred yards from the cabin but the steep sides of the river threw the sound waves in another direction until not a sound could be heard at the cabin. The drop of the Falls is some sixty feet and when on the bank above the roar is terrific, as there is a large amount of water goes over each hour. The horses were soon unpacked and a lunch prepared. After eating lunch Kes suggested that we climb the mountain just west of camp and see what bear signs could be found. This mountain is about five thousand feet high and for good steep climbing had any mountain beat in that locality. We soon topped up however and right on top running along the ridge was a fresh bear track. We followed this for a short distance, until we came to a big rock jutting out on the west side and there we took out our glasses and trained them across the valley on the side of the opposite mountain. Hardly had we got set when three bear were seen feeding in a prairie. Kes decided to stay where he was and watch them and try to head them off if they left before we got to them. With Garland in the lead we started south for a short distance and then down the mountain side. When partly down we discovered another bear just opposite us. This necessitated our swinging further to the south and in doing this we had to go through snow that was sometimes up to our waist. This caused us to flounder around and make quite a little noise so that when we stopped to get our bearings and catch our breath we discovered that Mr. Bear had gone but before he went we got close enough to see that he was a very large one and from his markings Garland thought he was a grizzly, altho it was very unusual to see a grizzly bear in this locality. As there was no hope of getting a shot at this fellow we started, with all spped after the first three that we had seen. After a good hours travel we came down from above on the place where they should have been, but where they were not. As it was getting dark by this time the three weary hunters turned their steps toward home where they arrived at nine twenty. Rather a late hour for hunters to be out. There we found Kes with supper all prepared and listened to his story of how soon after we had left him, the three bears had become uneasy and kept running from one prairie to another until they decided to leave and then went north. Kes at once started after them but was unable to come up with them so gave it up as a bad job. At the time we arrived both boys thought it would be an easy matter for us to get our bear but now Kes has decided that, altho the spring was early, the bears had not come out long enoughto get accustomed to the sounds and were wild. He came to this conclusion from watching the three bear this afternoon. They would feed for a while and then for no reason at all would scurry away in the timber to come out in a few minutes in another place where the same thing would happen. He said this was very unusual for bear and as I say, laid it to the fact that any noise, such as the chirp of a bird, would frighten them. He now predicts that it is going to be a difficult matter to get our bear as they will not stay put long enough for us to get within shooting distance of them.

Monday the 11th there was considerable work to do around camp and it was early afternoon before we started out. As the previous day we climbed the mountain to the west of camp but

as on bear were in sight it was decided that Garland and Dwight would stay on the look out there and George and Kes would go around over on the next ridge, which was done. About three o'clock it started to rain so Garland and Dwight went to camp on the double quick. It soon cleared so Garland suggested that we go down Mill Creek to a place that they called the springs where bear were in the habit of loafing. A Start was made but before we had gone very far over the top of the mountains rolled another shower and before we could reach camp we were both wet. When the first shower came George and Kes built a fire and when it was over Kes left and went westward over on Simon Creek and then below Montanapolis Springs. This was a day wasted as no one saw any game nor signs altho we did get something and that was a real good wetting.

As the bear appeared to have left the Falls district Kes thought it as well to move over on Lambert Creek and give the bears at the Falls a chance to rest up and get tame, if such a thing was possible. So on the morning of May the 12th the horses were again packed and the trip over to Lambert made. In making this trip it was necessary to go down the north side where the snow, in some places was nearly four feet deep. This made it hard for the horses and seemed to turn summer into winter. During this trip we found a fresh track, in the snow, made by a large bear going towards Lambert Creek. As soon as we arrived at the Creek the tent which we had brought from home was set up and while George and Dwight built beds Kes and Garland went up on the mountains looking for signs. As soon as the camp was in order George suggested that we build a table out under a couple of big pine trees. This was done and to make the job complete they sank posts in the ground and on top of these posts nailed a log. At supper time when we went to use this seat it broke and let us all fall backwards. Upon examination we found that the heart of the log was rotten. Dwight has developed rather a bad cold due undoubtly to his wetting the day before.

On Wedensday the 13th every one was up bright and early. The night before we had discovered that Kes had forgotten to put in the pack sacks, our provisions, so he was sent back to the Falls to get them. He took Silver intending to make a quick trip of it, but when he arrived back in camp we discovered that Silver had a bandage around her front leg over a big cut. In crossing Lambert Creek it is necessary to go over a bridge made of logs. In crossing this bridge a log had rolled and threw Silver. Kes jumped free but Silver rolled off the bridge into the creek and had a hard time making shore as the current was very strong. She got the cut when she went through the bridge. George suggested that Garland and Dwight go up the river and shoot him a porkupine which are very plentiful in this country. The left their rifles in camp, took their revolvers and before long had several. The best one they brought back to camp and George skinned it with the intention of having it made into a small rug. An early start was made in the afternoon, up the side of a mountain on the east side of Anderson Creek which flowed into Lambert Creek just aobve camp. We had not gone very far when we jumped two deer. One doe and a buck. They were in the open and presented a fine shot but as we had meat emough they were allowed to go in peace. During our climb up this mountain we came upon these two deer on two different occasions. Kes informed us, deer in this country, travel in

circles when alarmed, and always upward. This mountain soon proved to be the highest one we had tackled yet and with not much time to get to the top and back to camp before dark, the top being a little more than 10,000 feet. We finally arrived at the summit pretty well played out and not having seen a bear track. From the top we looked the country over but could see no bear nor any signs of any, so had to return to camp. Kes thought this district too high to look for bear so early and recommended that we journey on.

We awoke the 14th, Thursday, to find a light drizzle of rain falling which soon increased to a steady downpour. As we had such poor luck yesterday finding any bear signs it was decided to go back to the Falls where we thought our chances of shooting a bear were much better. After an early lunch the horses were again packed. They were all feeling good and Nell caused quite a little trouble. We finally were packed and a start made. We had not gone over a hundred yards before Nell took it into her head to roll with a pack on. She dislodged the pack some and had quite a kicking bee but Kes soon conquered her and after repacking her started on again. As the trail over the mountain was so full of snow it was decided to go the long way around by way of Passage Creek. Hardly had we started up the trail on Passage Creek then Kes, who was ahead, dropped off of his horse and came running back to George and Dwight, who were next, and informed them that he had seen a bear on the opposite mountain. Garland was quite aways in the rear so Kes, George and Dwight went forward and sure enough across the creek up on the side of a mountain stood a bear looking down at us, with just his head and front shoulders exposed. Kes instructed us to set our sights at 400 yards and upon the word to fire from George, we opened up. At the first volley the bear turned and ran up the mountain into the brush but before he could reach the brush he had to go over a big rock which left him pretty well exposed. George got in five shots, Dwight three, and Kes two. Kes left the pack train and went up the side of that mountain as tho it were level ground. As soon as he arrived at the rock he stopped to look for blood and sure enough right on the rock was a few drops of blood which showed that the bear had been hit. Kes took the trail at once but it was not long before the blood ceased so he gave it up as a bad job and went to camp. His verdict was that one of our bullets had just grazed the bear, enough to draw blood but not enough to cause any damage. After supper he took his gun and went back but could discover nothing further. Our camp tonight looks like home on the day of a big wash ing. Our tent leaked quite badly and all of our extra clothing had got wet. As the move was made in the rain all of the cloths that we had on were wet so it was a question of drying all of the clothign that we had with us.

Friday the 15th, we awoke to find it cloudy but it soon cleared up and turned out to be a fine day. George and Dwight went up on the west mountain to try and locate the four bear seen there several days ago but did not see any. Kes and Garland went over to Simon Creek to look it over and try and locate some there. They were successful and saw three but were not able to get close enough for s shot. In trying to

get a shot at these bear the boys became separated. Late at night Kes showed up but nothing was seen of Garland so it was decided that he had gone to Montanapolis Springs. A total of severn deer were seen today. The most that have been seen in any one day.

On Saturday morning, May, 16th, Kes arose early, ate his breakfast and left instructions to George and Dwight to catch four riding horses. He planned on looking over the trail to Hell-A-Roarding and to see if the trail was good enough to take the horses over the Divide. After climbing to the top of the first mountain he could see with his glasses that the snow was at least twenty feet deep on the divide and that it would be useless to try and cross even by men with a great deal of experience in mountain climbing in the winter time. While he was up there he took a good look around and on a neighboring peak he could see quite distinctly a mountain sheep. As they are protected he made no effort to shoot it but cam back home. He had no more than appeared at the cabin than Garland showed up, having spent the night at Montanapolis Springs. He reported that after he left Kes he jumped another bear and tried to track it, the track leading in the direction of Montanapolis Springs, near which place he lost it. As he was tired he spent the night there with one of this friends. As George and Dwight had the horses rounded up it was decided to take them and go over in the country where Kes and Garland had been the day before. Just before you came to Montanapolis Springs there is a creek running into Mill Creek called Dam Creek. After going up this creek for a short ways you came upon another creek running into Dam Creek which is known as West Dam Creek. On the west side of West Dam Creek is a range of mountains and on the other side of this is another creek called Simon Creek. Between West Dam Creek and Simon Creek there is a high mountain, the top of which is bare of trees with a gradual slope which horses can climb. This mountain is called Lookout Mountain by the natives as from the brow of this mountain all of the surrounding country can be seen. To this mountain the four unsuccessful bear hunters made their way. The horses were feeling frisky after their rest and in crossing a small stream Garland gave Truby a dig in the ribs and she started bucking. Garland at once started to pull leather and soon had her under control altho she did a little fancy bucking much to the amusement of the other three. In catching the horses George and Dwight had been unable to catch Brownie, Kes's horse, but had caught Blaze, a daughter of Neil and a mare that had not been broken to ride. Kes started to ride her bareback but she threw him without half trying which aroused his fighting spirit. He threw the saddle on her and without further ceremony jumped on her. Instead of bucking, as we all supposed she would, she walked off like an old horse and Kes had no further trouble with her. Upon arriving on the top of Lookout Mountain the horses were picketed and a strict lookout for bear was kept. About this time Garland discovered that his six shooter was not in its holster and that he had lost it. We soon figured that he had lost it when Truby did her bucking but on the way home a hunt was made at the stream but no gun was found. After we had beeon on Lookout for a while Kes took his horse and went further west to see if he could find any bear feeding out. The boys on Lookout watched the country very carefully but not a

sign was seen of bear all afternoon. They waited and waited until it was almost dark and then to save time decided to go down the east side of Lookout and in this way save considerable time. They found the trail very rough and steep, so were forced to walk most of the time leading their horses. It was a joy to see the horses go down these steep places. They picked their way carefully and seemed to use better judgment than the men. It was a hard day for them but they had it coming. Kes kept hunting even later than the other three and in coming to camp was walking and leading Blaze when he stepped on Garland's gun at the very place that Truby had bucked and where the other three boys had hunted. Garland was more than pleased to get his gun back.

Sunday the 17th it was decided to break camp and return to the main cap on Mill Creek. Dwight was sent out after the horses and the other three proceeded to pack our equipment in the panniers. Dwight found where the horses had crossed the creek and were feeding up on the side of the mountain east of camp. He caught Bess without much difficulty and drove the other horses into camp. Brownie and Nell were feeling very good and each time that we would get them rounded up they would break away. Soon Cylstie was caught but the more we tried to catch the others the more determined they became not to be caught. Down the pasture and then back again Kes on Cylestie and Dwight on Bess drove them. Soon all were caught except Brownie and Nell. Time and time again we would get them cornered only to have them wheel and charge past us. We had to have them howeger, so we kept after them and at last ran them down but it was past noon before the packing was finished. It was a real "soft day" and the ride to Montanapolis Springs was very much enjoyed. There Kes and Garland left us and went over the mountain, hoping to see the bear that Kes and George had seen the second day but they could see no bear signs. George and Dwight brought the horses around by the road.

Monday morning everyone was up bright and early. George and Kes went up on the side of Arrow Head Mountain to watch Lower Sage and Garland and Dwight went up upper Sage. The going was much easier for both George and Dwight than when they were over this trail the first day. Garland and Dwight topped up in one hour and thirty-five minutes and George and Kes made just as good time on lower Sage, altho they did not time themselves. After watching the country until nearly noon both parties came down and had dinner, packed and went down to where the Ford was. Good-byes were said and at 3:45 the Ford was headed for Ellendale and our first bear hunt was behind us. We camped that night between Big Timber and Columbus, a distance of 108 miles from the Counts. In putting up the tent we found that we had raised it right over a cactus. George kicked it and was surprised to feel one of the needles enter his foot, right through his heavy shoe. An early start was made and Tuesday night found us at Ismay, having driven 330 miles. It was a very warm day and we had trouble with one of the coils, for a short distance. We also had two punctures which also delayed us. The next night, or rather at 3:20 A. M. Wednesday morning, May the 20th, found us in Ellendale having driven 443 miles that day. We arrived in Mobridge at 8:50, just in time to catch the last ferry over the Missouri. Had supper there and left

at 9:50. In going out we went north and hit the Red Trail, in coming back we took the Yellowstone Trail and found it much better. We found that the distance was about the same as our speedometer showed 875 miles out and 874 miles back. The amount spent for gasoline and oil on the way out was $13.15 and on our return we paid out $13.70. Our heavest expense was for our guides which cost us $50.00 each and our liceneses which were $25.00 each.

Upon arriving home our wives ordered us to the bath room in spite of the late hour. They paid for this however as they were put to work picking the mathematical bugs off our clothing. This is a bug that attached itself to most any moving object and is quite a pest to horses. They get up under the horses jaw and there suck the blood until they swell up, bust and fall off. They call these the mathematical bug for the reason that they;

DIVIDE YOUR ATTENTION,
ADD TO YOUR MISERY,
SUBSTRACT FROM YOUR HAPPINESS,
MULTIPLE LIKE THE DEVIL.

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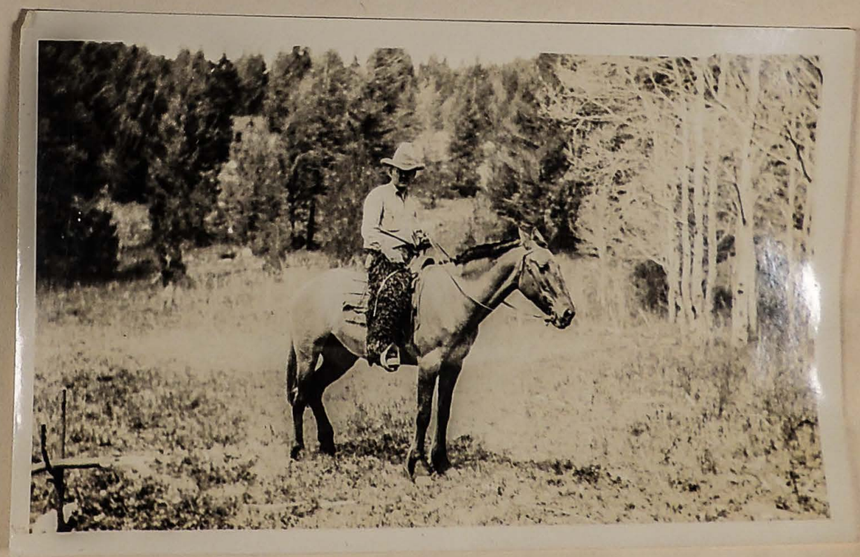
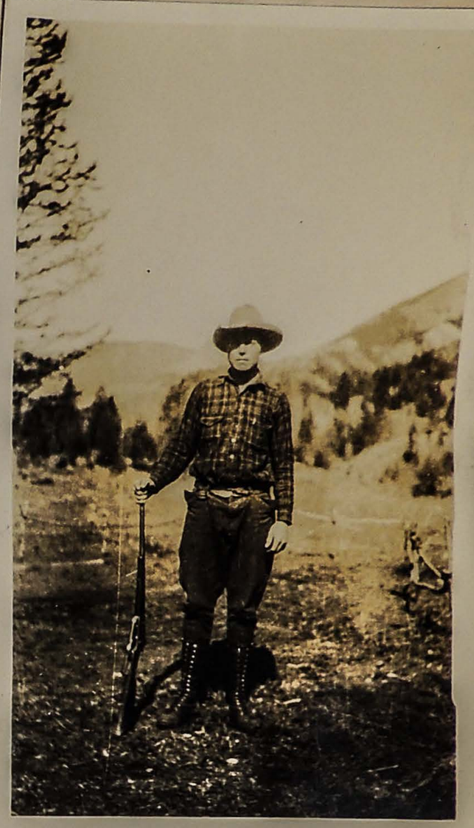
DWIGHT READY TO ROUND-EM UP.



DWIGHT and his GUIDE.

DWIGHT

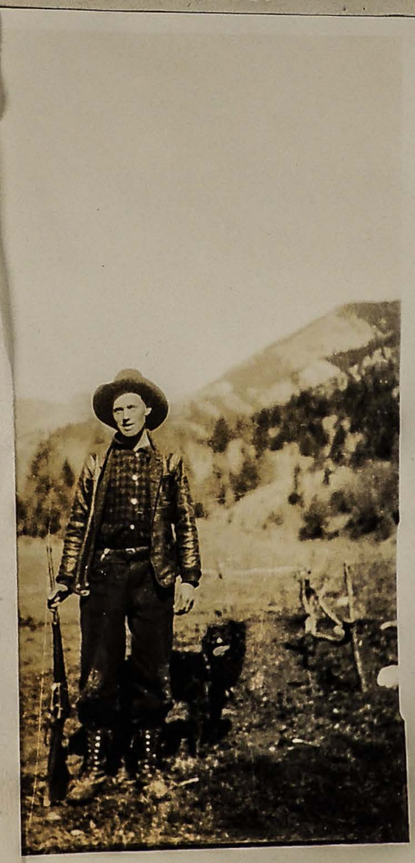
GARLAND.



ALL BUT GEORGE.

ALL EXCEPT DWIGHT.

KESTER COUNT.

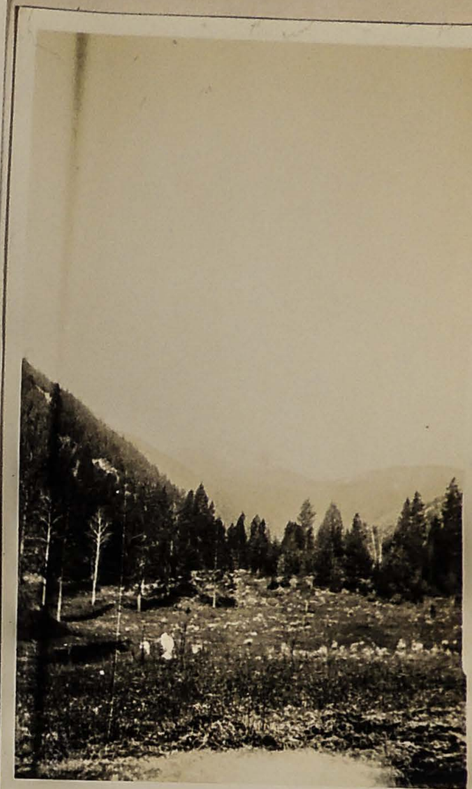


KES and GARLAND.

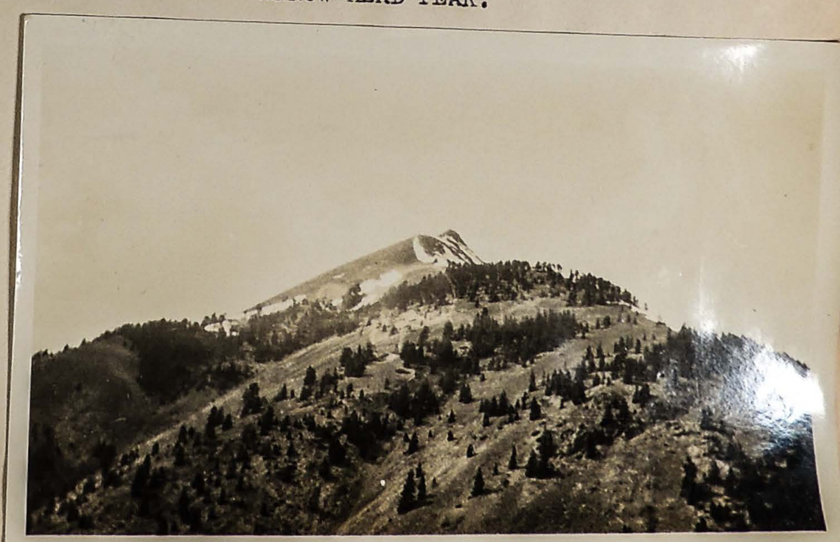
OTER VIEWS NEAR THE MAIN CAMP.

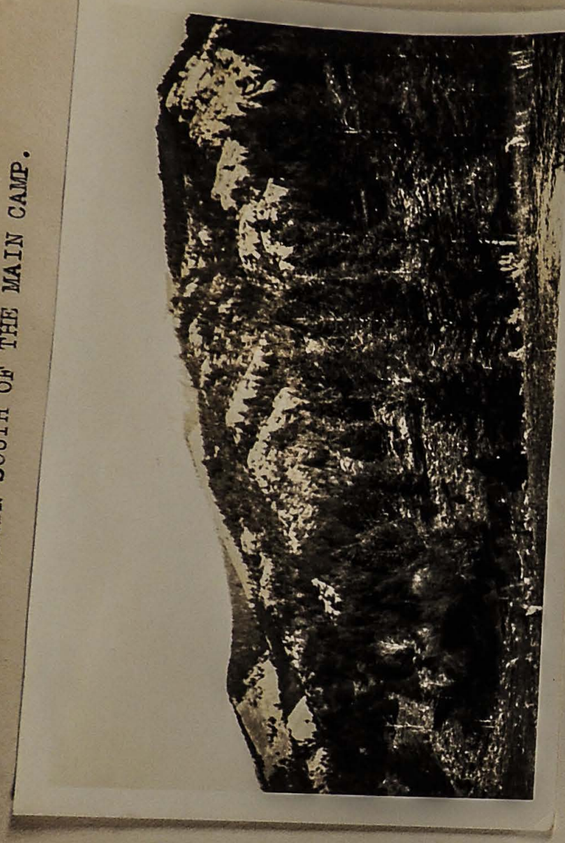
THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

THE WEST VIEW.

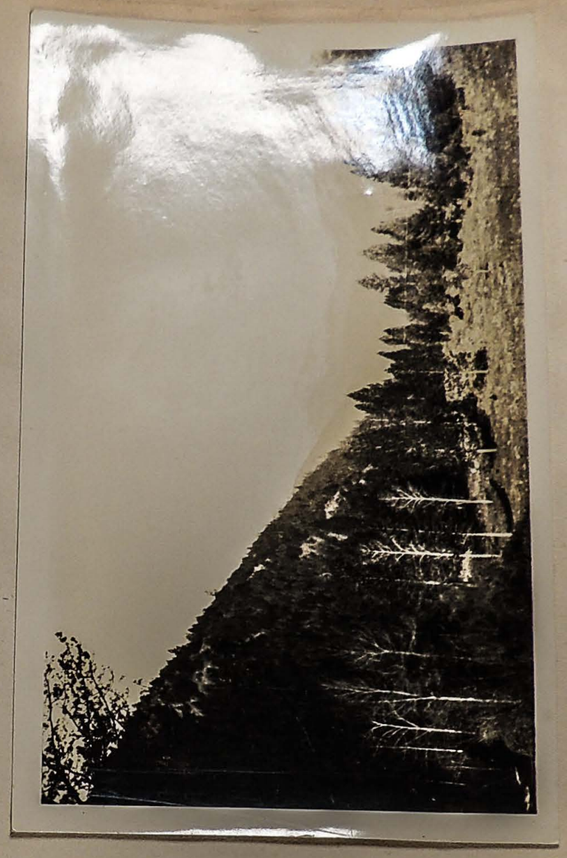


ARROW-HEAD PEAK.





THE MOUNTAIN SOUTH OF THE MAIN CAMP.



LOOKING WEST OF THE MAIN CAMP.

READY FOR THE HUNT.
GEORGE AND OLD SILVER.

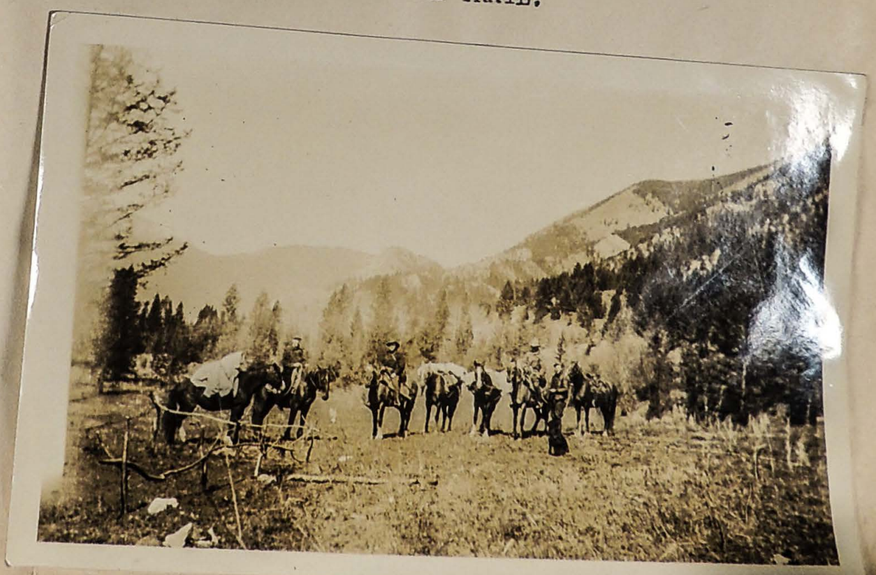
ON OUR WAY.

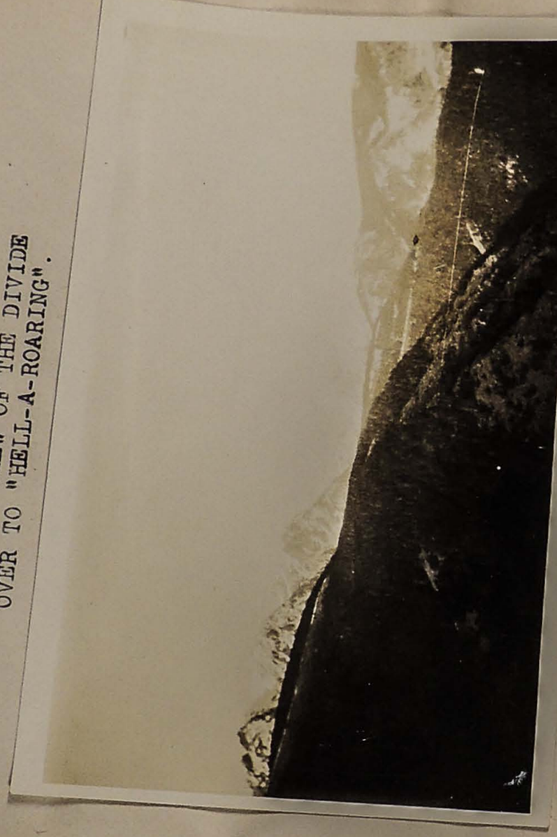
AT THE FALLS CAMP.

AT THE MAIN CAMP.

THE FALLS.

READY FOR THE TRAIL.





'A DISTANT VIEW OF THE DIVIDE
OVER TO "HELL-A-ROARING".

THE OLD BARN AT THE FALLS CAMP.

THE ORIGINAL BARN AGAIN.

DWIGHT LOADING UP.

PACKING OLD SILVER.

ON LAMBERT CREEK.

PACKED AND READY TO GO.

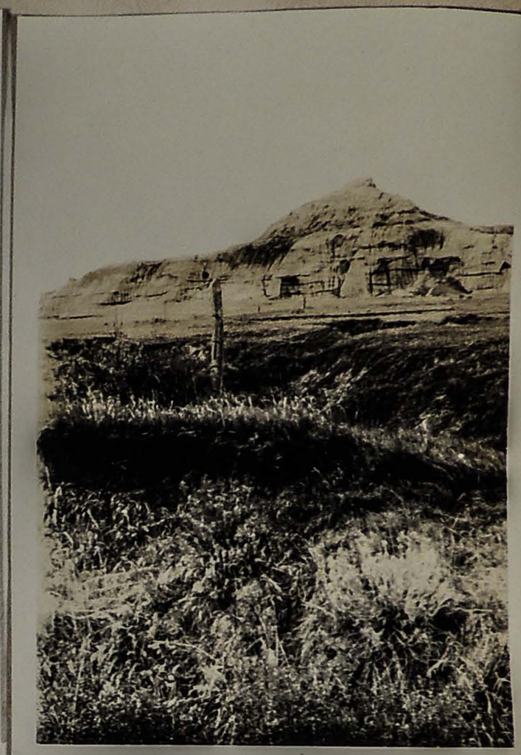
JUST A VIEW.

SITTING ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD.
Packing over to Lambert Creek.

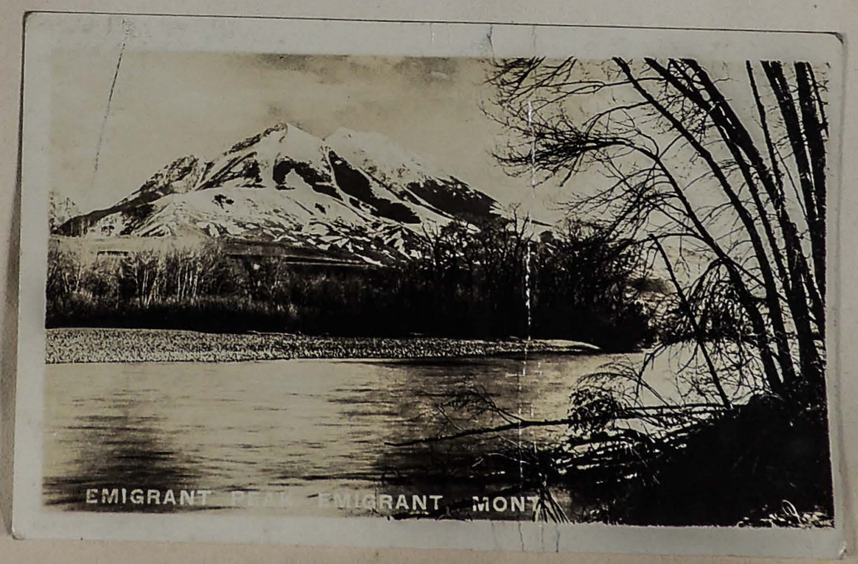
THE CAMP ON LAMBERT CREEK.

THE ROARING WATERS OF MILL CREEK
ON A QUIET DAY.

A SENTRY IN THE BAD
LANDS.



WHERE GARLAND OWNS A QUARTER OF LAND.



Greasing up.
Near Miles City, Montana

Our Camp at Ismay, Montana.

Giving the Game a Square Deal Beats Getting the Limit

162 Z $30.00 NET

Non-Resident Citizen's "General"

Hunting and Fishing License

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That D. W. Crabtree has sworn that he is a non-resident citizen of the State of Montana, and is hereby LICENSED to hunt, take, kill, catch or have in his possession, any Large and Big Game, any Small and Feathered Game and Fish of this State, at a time and in a manner not prohibited by law.

This license is not transferable and expires on the 30th DAY of April, 1926. It must be in the possession of the holder when taking fish or game and must be shown to any Game Warden or Peace Officer upon demand and the licensee must identify himself if requested by such officer.

PUT OUT YOUR CAMP FIRE

RESPECT THE RANCHMAN'S PROPERTY

DESCRIPTION OF LICENSEE

Licensee's Signature D W Crabtree, Residence Ellendale

P. O. Address Ellendale N-Dak.; Business Real Estate

Age 35; Height 5 ft. 9½ in.; Weight 187 lbs.

Color of eyes grey; Color of hair dark

Distinctive Marks

Issued under the authority of Montana State Fish and Game Commission.

This Department appeals to all sportsmen to report any violations of our laws, to the nearest Warden.

Dated this Seventh day of May, 1925.

Countersigned: P. W. Nelson

Deputy State Game and Fish Warden, or

Justice of the Peace.

County of Dade

7 **Shipping Directions On Other Side**

LEAVE A CLEAN CAMP AND A CLEAN RECORD

(.....) One Elk to.....

What part

..... Address.....

State..... Signed.....

Shipping Agent.

Agent Will Send This Section to State Game Warden, Helena, Immediately.

"A" Coupon No. 1. License No. 162

n..... Date....., 1925

is day shipped by.....

One Buck Deer to.....

..... Address.....

..... Signed.....

Shipping Agent.

One Buck Deer or Part Thereof

1925

Shipping Agent Will Cancel This Tag FISH AND GAME WARDEN

Attach This Section to Animal or Part Thereof to be Shipped.

Section "B" Coupon No. 1. License No. 162

Non-Resident Citizen's Shipping Tag for

One Elk or Part Thereof

1925

Shipping Agent Will Cancel This Tag FISH AND GAME WARDEN